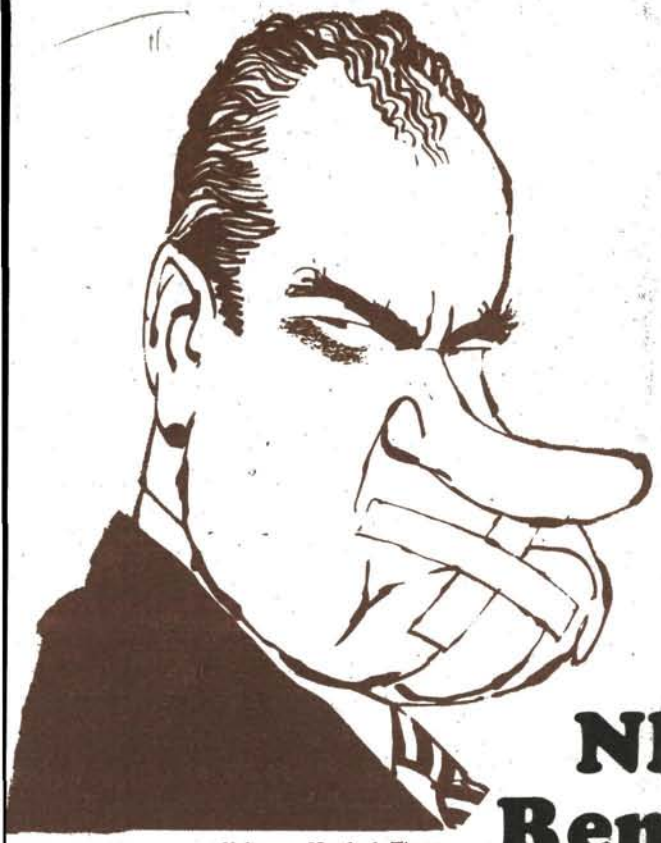
EUROPE'S NERVOUS BREAKDOWN HUGH HECLO

THE NATION

AUGUST 31, 1974 *50 cents*



Valtman, Hartford Times

NIXON: A Type To Remember MARK HARRIS

THE MANAGED DEPRESSION
DAVID DEITCH

Courts, Convicts & the Press
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LETTERS

banana scoop

Montreal, Canada

DEAR SIRS: The claim on your back cover—that your stories appear first, and then turn up in other publications—was well proved tonight.

I bought your June 29th issue off the newsstand specifically for the article on the banana war, because I am in contact with GATT-Fly, a Toronto-based church organization dealing with Third World trade problems. I read the article tonight, during my break.

Later, looking at *The New York Times* news-wire in the teletype room of the newspaper where I work, what do I see? You guessed it—they had a story on the banana war.

Good work. *David E. Pinto*

everybody's human

Champaign, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Re: "Women & Violence: The SLA," by Gilbert Geis, and your editorial comment, "Deadlier Than?" [*The Nation*, June 29]:

Now the secret is out. We're human, too. We have potentialities for violence and aggression as do our brothers. Unable to admit it for a long time, we've taken it out in the indirect and manipulative ways that were "socially acceptable"—but just as destructive—the castrating bitch, the domineering matriarch, the temptress.

It's hard to see violence as healthy, but it's real. And surely this more open and direct way of dealing with it is healthy. I feel that a good part of the reason men have gone on so long making war and behaving with ruthless aggression in the business and professional worlds is that they have defined women as the nurturing, emotionally supportive, morals-preserving half of the population. Well, we aren't—at least not only that. So I find it heartening that men will have to deal with the consequences of their own violence—not having women there to stop them or provide a counterbalance, since women will be busy dealing with their own violence. If we can no longer be counted on to keep the home fires burning, might men have second thoughts about going off to war? And might we all find some better solutions? *Janie Compo*

native liberties and alien interests

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: As members of the Friends of the Filipino People we wish to protest most strongly the arrest by the Marcos government, in the last days of June, of twelve persons, all associated in one way or another with the leadership of the National Council of Churches in the Philippines. While four of those arrested have since been released (a Filipino in the custody of friends and three foreigners on the condition that they leave the country), the remaining Filipinos are still in detention. . . .

We wish, moreover, to point out that the arrest of these leaders of the National Council of Churches in the Philippines coincided almost exactly with the public issuance of a position paper, endorsed by the National Council of Churches in the Philippines, calling for the abolition of U.S. military bases in that country. . . .

We are led to conclude that the Marcos government, as it engages this year in negotiations with the U.S. Government about the U.S. bases, will not tolerate any public expression of disapproval of these bases, and the arrest of the leaders of the National Council of Churches in the Philippines stands forth as a particularly flagrant example of the manner in which the present Philippine dictatorship suppresses native liberties to serve alien interests . . . of the United States, whose government pre-eminently supports the Marcos regime.

Marjorie Bakken, Jean Doyle, France H. Conroy, Fay Knopp, Barbara Cort, Daniel B. Schirmer, Richard Deats

EDITORIALS

History and the Media

Suggest to media newsmen that an event is "historic" and a glaze comes over their eyes, their voices (on radio and TV) intone magisterial profundities, and their prose turns purple. The resignation of President Nixon was, indisputably, a historic event; Presidents do not make a practice of resigning—indeed, this was, as Nixon would say, "a first." So the media got set to provide the elaborate and pretentious coverage that the event seemed to merit. But as the drama unfolded it did not measure up to expectations; in fact it turned out to be almost pure corn. The casting was wrong, the lines did not fit the action, and the performance was shoddy. But the style of presentation could not be changed at the last moment so the public was given not so much the actual event as the media's anticipation of what it might have been.

The grandiose styling of "big news" can be traced in part to the fact that the modern mass media move in battalions and brigades. Advance planning sets the stage for the event itself. In this instance, some newspapers had special issues in type, ready to be released once the signal was given. So it is not surprising that newsmen were thrown off balance when the event turned out to be less grand than they had anticipated. But the media should have known that Richard Nixon can make a shambles of any occasion, including his resignation of the Presidency.

Determined to make performance match the script, the media attempted to present the President as "unbelievably serene," "calm," "in control of himself," radiating "an inner peace" when in fact he was visibly perspiring with anxiety. Similarly, an attempt was made to present his plight as tragic. But as at least one newspaper (the *Baltimore Sun*) pointed out: "True tragedy requires as protagonist a person not just of public size but of inner largeness. Such largeness Mr. Nixon lacks. He is, as we have learned through a long process of continued shock, a vindictive and mean-spirited man, drawing misguided loyalty from a dwindling number of people, but himself loyal to none; faithful only to the furtherance of his own ambitions."

His resignation, we had been told, would be a national tragedy, a catastrophe. But the transition was effected with dispatch and ease. There was little dancing in the streets but so was there little mourning. The Nixons exited in a flash. Suddenly they were gone, airborne, bag and baggage, and the event was over almost before it began. The public had been told that Nixon's leaving would create a "void" but in fact it terminated the void which had existed in national leadership for two years. One distinguished newsman characterized the President's farewell as "noble"; there was nothing noble about it. It was essentially the same kind of speech he had made in the same setting, so he reminded us, on thirty-seven prior occasions. It was a truly dreadful performance—dishonest, self-serving and evasive. Yet three of the nation's ablest TV newsmen—Cronkite, Rather and Sevareid—discussed it on the CBS network in terms grotesquely at variance with the speech. If not "his finest hour," one said, it was

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close to it. (Was this meant to be ironic?) He gave the moment "a touch of class"; more than that, "a touch of majesty" (Dan Rather). It was left to Roger Mudd to inject a few realistic comments. Similar lapses marred the general coverage.

The discrepancy between the historic event and the media's reporting of it is disturbing on several counts. It suggests the extent to which the media attempt to invest the incumbent, even in defeat, with attributes that match the majesty of the office. Some de-royalization is in order. Modern journalism seems to require stars and superstars, and when they don't exist they must be invented.

Anthony Lake, formerly a member of Kissinger's staff, points up some of the consequences (in *The New York Times*): "Alternating currents of illusion and disillusion about our leaders are at best unfair and at worst dangerous, for them no less than for the rest of us. . . . Personal adulation of either a President or one of his Cabinet officers distorts needed debate . . . by helping give the executive its tremendous advantage over the Congress and others. . . . The greater the hero worship, the shriller the critics sound and become." Finally it tends to create a situation in which the President as "superstar" must be taken on "an all-or-nothing basis."

The "honeymoon" atmosphere which the media is ballyhooing at the moment can only create difficulties for President Ford in the end. When he said that "the long nightmare" of Watergate was over, the media treated it as gospel. But the nightmare is not over, nor will it be for quite some time. Trials are pending; investigations are continuing. The House Judiciary Committee has reported that the new evidence which Nixon disclosed before resigning merely confirms the earlier mass of evidence showing that, "from the beginning the President knowingly directed the cover-up of the Watergate burglary." Is this finding to be ignored? Can the President's crimes be brushed aside while his aides are being prosecuted—and serving jail sentences—for having carried out his orders? To raise such questions is not to continue "kicking Nixon around." It is important to nail down, by solid documentation and official validation, the proposition that he was not "driven from office." Failure to place this seal on the evidence is to invite further contention.

'The Fords from Grand Rapids'

In much the same way that the media invested the resignation drama with inflated overtones it is now creating a new myth, almost in the style of a soap opera, about "the Fords from Grand Rapids." To be sure, the character, manner and appearance of Mr. Ford have made it easy for the media—particularly for the "instant magic" of television—to present him not merely as the new President but as a new national hero. He is pleasant, friendly, unassuming, honest, straight-talking, and he can look directly at a camera without fluttering his eyelids. He is comfortable with himself and with others. He speaks simply and calmly and without rhetorical flourishes. He set a good tone in his first address as President and he said some things that needed saying.

But for the same reason that he wants an "open" Administration and insists on being candid, the media

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should cultivate, from the start, the practice of taking a hard look at his words and actions. Yet the manner in which his first address was covered by the journalists is not reassuring. No doubt inflation is "Public Enemy No. 1" at the moment. But it is doubtful that the President can unify the nation by "fighting inflation." Inflation does not affect all groups in the same way, and anti-inflation measures—depending on which measures are used—can have a very different impact on different elements. Economist Otto Eckstein estimates that it would take at least two years of 8 per cent unemployment to beat inflation back to a 4 per cent rate.

The new President cannot be aided by cheers alone; he is entitled to the open, frank, critical comment that he invites. But the media are not content to accept him at face value; a script must be written for the new family in the White House. The head of the family is, in Senator Mansfield's phrase, of "clean mind, clean heart, clean record"; he is wholesome, athletic, stalwart. He has a pleasant wife, Betty, and four robust children, including a daughter who wears jeans. So the entire family must be made "instant celebrities," after the manner of the Louds of Santa Barbara, and we will have a "honeymoon" even if President Ford doesn't want one.

With his predecessor, it was much the same story, as T.D. Allman recalls in "The Nixon Family Soap Opera" (*New Statesman,* August 18). "The Nixon Family," says Allman, "were like all television stars: they moved through tumultuous events in glamorous surroundings. But underneath it all they really were just like the folks next door. . . . At the bottom of it all was the fact that Dick wasn't one of your intellectuals, or some son of a millionaire: he and Pat and Julie and Tricia have *worked* for everything they had. . . . For a quarter of a century, 'The Nixon Family' never went off the air."

Given the sort of man Nixon really was, this folksy balderdash was especially dangerous, but pretending that life in the White House in any way resembles life in a split level is always perilously sentimental. If we continue to persist in it, we are inviting trouble and not merely for the Fords.

The honeymoon can't last long if only because President Ford will discover that he cannot carry on in the White House as he did in the House. We have had a surfeit of soap operas; what is needed now is a new style of White House coverage. The key to what it should be is suggested by Senator Mansfield's comment that Gerald Ford has "had a remarkable career because he has been so unremarkable himself"—a comment which, in the context, is truly remarkable.

The Rival Establishments

In reporting the last days and hours of the Nixon administration the media failed to sharpen a historical and political awareness of what was happening. To the extent that an establishment existed before 1964 it was the so-called Eastern Establishment. But with the Goldwater campaign of that year a rival establishment emerged—call it the Southwest Establishment. It is sited in "the missile crescent" that stretches from Florida west to Texas and Arizona, and on to California. A new middle class was emerging in the postwar years and it came along most rapidly in this vaguely defined region. It was heavily weighted with parvenu elements, ambitious for national recognition and resentful of the Eastern Seaboard's monopoly of power and status and the command posts.

At the outset, both establishments saw pretty much eye to eye about Vietnam; but as the war dragged on, elements of the Eastern Establishment became disaffected. These elements had always been more concerned about Europe than about Asia; much the same division could be traced in the Taft-Eisenhower rivalry in 1952. President Johnson—Texan of Texans—tried to hold the two establishments together by retaining most of the Kennedy entourage when he might have done better without them. Other issues also began to sharpen the division: civil rights, welfare policies, the so-called "social issues," attitudes toward the media, civil liberties, campus unrest. Nixon never liked the Eastern Establishment even though it had tagged him for the Vice Presidency in 1952, and he appeared to have become a dues-paying member when he moved to New York ten years later. This dislike—and distrust—prompted the ouster of Richardson and Cox.

As Watergate unfolded, the Eastern Establishment became increasingly eager to force Nixon's resignation but the necessary leverage was lacking. Actually Nixon managed to stay in office long after his "political base" had eroded. But the day came when the "cowboys" (Carl Oglesby's term) of the Southwest Establishment were forced to act in unison with their counterparts in the East. Then it was that Senator Goldwater and Representative Rhodes (S.E.) joined by Senator Scott (E.E.) gave Nixon the bad news and assured us that it had been received in a "serene" manner.

Despite sharp differences in the past, the two establishments may now be able to work in tandem, at least for the time being. Under Nixon, the balance tipped against the Eastern Establishment and the liberal Republicans, despite Kissinger's meteoric rise to fame and power. But as matters have worked out, the Southwest, or Upstart Establishment, has suffered severe losses. Nixon's resignation (more accurately his disgrace), Connally's indictment, and the eclipse of Reagan's star, along with the disaffection of the "new conservatives," have left the Southwest Establishment short of leaders, if not of funds, and in a state of shock. After what it has been through, the movement will need some time to recover, if it ever does, its initial noisy defiance and truculent self-confidence. Nor will it be in a position to conduct ideological warfare against President Ford, who is anything but an effete Eastern Establishment snob, despite his degree from the Yale Law School. He is a conservative who hails from the Midwest, the heartland of Republican conservatism. Grand Rapids may not be dead center of the region but it comes close to it. At the same time, the steady shift of social, economic and political power to the West gives him a leverage against the Eastern Establishment. So he may, therefore, be able to establish a new regional and ideological center of gravity for the Republican Party.

Against this background it is not surprising that President Ford should have decided to name Nelson Rockefeller as Vice President. Given the country's recent experience of Vice Presidents, the appointment is a good one.

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Rockefeller is a national figure; the family name is a symbol of wealth, honesty and philanthropy, living proof that the Protestant ethic can survive among the rich. Ford's choice should reassure a public that has been disappointed in three Vice Presidents—Johnson and Nixon, who became Presidents, and Spiro Agnew, who, thank God, did not. Rockefeller has the competence and character to be President. He is honest, if arrogant and unfeeling; but he is not mean or petty. His appointment will not offend black Americans. Nor will it upset business, finance or labor. It should be well received abroad, particularly in Europe and South America.

In terms of Republican politics, Rockefeller's appointment means that the Eastern Establishment is back in Washington, but not in a dominant position. It has been invited back on new terms. It also means that the pool of talent which it commands will be available to President Ford. At the same time, Rockefeller is not likely to be a candidate for President in 1976, unless, of course, the economy collapses and with it Ford's chances. Sen. Charles Percy's decision to put his candidacy on the "back burner" is an indication that he, among others, assumes that Ford will be nominated. But it would be premature to assume that Rockefeller has finally decided to settle for second place. He is a determined man, young in spirit, fantastically energetic, and anything can happen in politics. So he can still dream. But he is no conspirator; President Ford need not fear that Rockefeller will attempt to overshadow him or plot to succeed him. He is much too shrewd for that. On balance, the appointment is as good as could be expected and may well signal the fact that the rival establishments will be superseded by a new center of power.

Meeting the Nuclear Threats

It has been increasingly recognized since the dawn of the atomic era that, in the absence of stringent disarmament measures, the accelerated nuclear weapons competition threatens the survival of the planet. But it is only recently that the general public has become aware of the lethal dangers to people and the environment created by the civilian nuclear industry. Citizen groups from Vermont to California are now fighting construction of nuclear plants. Today the value of both the peaceful and military atom is under question.

Currently, there is little doubt among arms controllers that the threat of global destruction from military uses of nuclear energy has reached new dimensions. The Nixon administration substituted, for the deterrent strategy established by three previous Presidents, a "nuclear war fighting capability" in which American missiles will be aimed at Soviet defenses instead of at their cities. This counterforce doctrine, which requires expensive new hardware to implement, proposes to destroy Soviet missiles before launching. The MK 500 maneuverable reentry vehicle planned for the Trident submarine, for example [see "MaRVs in Sheep's Clothing" by Robert C. Aldridge, *The Nation*, August 17], contrary to the sales talk in Congressional hearings, now proves to be a component in a system capable of launching a preemptive first strike. The great peril of this new approach is that the "enemy" can become convinced that its only defense is to attack.

LABOR DAY 1974

Next week's issue will be devoted to significant aspects of the American labor movement today. Changes of moment now surfacing in the labor movement are traced in articles by: Emil Mazey, Secretary-Treasurer of the UAW (a general look at labor today); B.J. Widick (on Jay Lovestone's departure); George Bogdanich (the growing rank-and-file rebellion in steel); Duane Lockard (problems facing the new leadership of the United Mine Workers); William Lucy, President, Coalition of Black Trade Unionists and Secretary-Treasurer, American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (on blacks in American labor today), and Albert Fried (on labor and politics).

The influence of the Pentagon and the defense industry on the Nixon administration was primarily responsible for the President's rejection of the Soviet offer to conclude a comprehensive test ban (CTB). Conclusion of the CTB would fulfill a pledge undertaken by both superpowers to "achieve the discontinuance of all test explosions for all time." The eighty-three parties to the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty have renounced nuclear weapons capability, agreeing to make their reactors subject to inspection by the International Atomic Energy Agency to insure their use for peaceful purposes. It has been their expectation that the nuclear powers, in exchange, would negotiate a total test ban, but the Moscow threshold pact barely limits testing. There is now a serious risk that the dozen or more potential nuclear states will follow the Indian example and go nuclear in a frantic effort to obtain security or status in the atomic jungle.

There is a possibility that the pressures of an inflationary economy and the need to maintain the détente will persuade the Ford Administration to reduce rather than augment the nation's gigantic overkill capacity. Prospects for a comprehensive test ban will be enhanced if the thirty-eight Senators already sponsors of S.R. 67—a bill advocating negotiation of the total test ban—urge adoption of the measure and if subsequently the Foreign Relations Committee returns the Moscow pact to the Executive for renegotiation.

But arms controllers can no longer ignore the growing export business in nuclear power plants which provides an international source of weapons grade plutonium. By 1980, it is estimated, civilian reactors in more than forty countries will produce annually up to 100,000 kilograms of plutonium—enough to make thousands of weapons. There is the danger that terrorists or crazed individuals will fashion rude bombs from plutonium stolen either from commercial reactors of from shipments of nuclear waste in transit. While nuclear energy now supplies only 3 per cent of our electrical power, future projections of the Atomic Energy Commission indicate a huge growth in the number of reactors, including the breeder type. Moreover, for the past two decades, 85 per cent of government funding for research has gone into the pursuit of nuclear power, lauded as the substitute

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for the scarce fossil fuels. Alternate "clean" sources of power, including solar energy and wind power have received only passing attention.

Yet huge investments in reactor safety programs have not been able to overcome the hazards to life and to the environment which are inherent in the fission process, dangers which have been constantly minimized by the nuclear establishment. [See "The Hot River Valley" by McKinley C. Olson, *The Nation*, August 3.] Now, a national movement protesting the construction of fission plants is rapidly spreading. The outcry is reminiscent of the massive public resistance to atmospheric nuclear tests and to the lethal radioactive fallout they produced, which resulted in the Partial Test Ban Treaty of 1963. Once more there is an immediate danger from atomic radiation which spurs citizen action. Among the charges made by anti-nuclear groups are: that fission reactors contribute to massive environmental pollution by the enormous quantities of excess heat they generate and the low-level radioactive wastes which are discharged into the air and water through normal operating procedures; that the plants can raise radiation levels sufficiently to increase the instances of cancer within a 50-mile radius; and that in the manufacture of nuclear weapons and nuclear power millions of gallons of "hot waste" have been created—so deadly that a single gallon loosed on the environment could kill 2 million to 3 million people. No adequate method of waste disposal exists. Threatened by this pollution, nuclear opponents have introduced legislation both locally and nationally for a moratorium on the construction of nuclear reactors.

It is hoped that critics of the peaceful and military atom, through cooperation, can insure the adoption of those preliminary measures already under consideration which are essential to protect mankind from the threat of the nuclear industry.

JO POMERANCE

NIXON: A TYPE TO REMEMBER

MARK HARRIS

We won't have Nixon to kick around any more. He produced his own last crisis. The danger had always been that he would take the rest of us down with him. I feared that, especially after the 1972 election, which left him bereft of further offices to run for. His world at an end, would he then demolish ours, yours and mine and the children's, and the United States he loved so much (he said)? We have escaped by the skin of our teeth.

Watergate was no "tragedy," no "agony." After Nixon's resignation Gerald Ford said, "Our long national nightmare is over." It was no nightmare at all (I never cried out in the night) but a useful, salutary event which had led us by slow legalistic means to a psychological recognition. Education was a long time getting through, but astoundingly it did. Until the moment of his confession, Nixon remained hidden, especially from Republican Congressmen whom he had long held prisoner. Then even his party fell away, suddenly and as a whole and overnight, relieved at last to have a clear reason to break.

The problem is psychological, not legalistic. America needs to learn to recognize the type. The next Richard Nixon may go all the way, which this one was flukily prevented from doing. We need to learn to make better connections between the things a man purports to stand for, and the things he truly intends. Nixon made several things perfectly clear. Here are some characteristics of a man who will seize dictatorial power if he can:

¶He asserts that poor people are dishonest ("welfare chiselers"), but he lines his own pockets.

¶He prefers capital punishment, prisons and other forms of punishment to rehabilitation and education.

¶He favors legislation assisting the rich, the powerful, the corporate and the military. (A comprehensive book on this subject is Jerry Voorhis' *The Strange Case of Richard Milhous Nixon.*)

¶He is always discussing himself, even when he hopes you will think he is talking about, say, international relations. Example: "In the Middle East, 100 million people in the Arab countries, many of whom have considered us their enemy for nearly twenty years, now look on us as their friends." Translation: "Did you notice the big reception I got in Egypt?"

¶He thinks that ancient relationships among nations, involving deep traditions of language and custom, can be suddenly reformed by visits of heads of states.

¶He suddenly reverses himself. A dozen emphatic denials may be followed by an abrupt admission.

¶He eventually reverses himself. After one of our political assassinations he declared that *he* would meet the people face to face. But never was a President so well protected.

¶He denies that he will reverse himself. When peace marchers passed the White House he was watching the football game (he said). Afterward he claimed peace in Vietnam as his achievement.

¶He presents himself as a "manly" man. He adores professional football, offering opinions upon this week's games in a deep manly voice ascending from depths, as from a crypt. A manly man never quits. "I have never been a quitter," he said in his Farewell Plea Bargain, announcing that he was quitting. A manly man never cries, even when he loses a big election: "I told Julie my hay fever was bothering me as I wiped my eyes with a handkerchief." (His Sixth Crisis: The Campaign of 1960.)

¶He commands young men to go to war, but he does not wish to pay his taxes.

Mark Harris is a novelist and author of many books, including Bang the Drum Slowly *(Knopf),* Killing Everybody, *and* The Goy *(both Dial Press). He also wrote* Mark the Glove Boy: or, The Last Days of Richard Nixon *(1964) based largely upon Nixon's 1962 campaign for governor of California.*

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¶Deeply concerned about young men at war, he dramatically seeks to rescue them if they become prisoners of the "enemy."

¶He employs the media to publicize himself when, for example, he is dramatically rescuing American boys who have become prisoners of the "enemy." He condemns the media when they displease him. No principle appears to be at stake, however.

¶He opposes amnesty for young men who refused to fight in the war against Vietnam, but he seeks amnesty for crimes he has himself committed.

¶He asserts his patriotism frequently, and often accuses other people of disloyalty to the country.

¶He calls often for "unity" while dividing.

¶He always advocates economy, but he spends lavishly, especially for such products as military machinery.

¶He speaks often of bargaining from strength. When he traveled recently to Russia his situation was weaker than any President's had ever been.

¶He frequently speaks of himself in the third person, as if he were not a person but an instrument. He denies the psychological life, as if to say, "What you see is what you get," or "An edited audio tape is the same thing as an unedited audio tape." What you hear you may believe, as, for example, "I have done my very best . . . I have tried to the best of my ability to discharge those duties and meet those responsibilities . . ." from his speech of resignation August 8.

The sentence was his—you won't have Nixon to kick around any more—addressed to the press in the hours following his defeat for governor in California in 1962. He was quitting public life (he said), which he usually referred to as "public service . . . my years of public service." He was one for euphemisms and broken promises. He was never a man of principle, for which we may be grateful, since his inclinations were savage. Luckily he preferred politics to principle, seeking peace and détente once the Presidency was his, although his earlier service (the years 1946 to 1960) had been an uninterrupted period of exploitation of those American fears which made peace and détente impossible. In the process of exciting hysteria and deepening the cold war he destroyed lives and reputations, immeasurably bolstered the military establishment, and inhibited free thought and discussion in America.

After entering retirement from public life in 1962 he came right out again. He could not resist the open position in the only game he played—running for office. John Kennedy had been assassinated, Lyndon Johnson was new to the Presidency, and Goldwater was a probable Republican loser in 1964. In the instant of Goldwater's nomination Nixon leaped to his feet to address the convention. He knew a vacuum when he saw one.

He campaigned for Goldwater in a cause he knew was lost. The real cause was Nixon's, not Goldwater's. He would now spend four years gathering delegates for 1968. As we know, he gathered a sufficient number; and as we may now fairly conclude, he used for his purpose green cash acquired in the way he had acquired it in 1952 and would acquire it twenty years later: it was given to him according to a manner of bookkeeping by people or corporations who saw that he was likely to achieve the Presidency. Of reluctant delegates Nixon once said, "They don't want to get left at the station."

In defense of his 1952 gift Nixon declared that no strings had been attached to it. Kindly people had given him $18,000 to assist the process of government. None of the money was for "personal" use. It was an early instance of his technique of dissociating himself from himself. He was not he. He was a *Senator*, and when he spent money for *Senator* Nixon's purposes the money was to be viewed as separate from his. If you could not see it that

Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

way you were the kind of person who would deprive his daughters of the dog some kindly person had sent to them from Texas. The dog was named Checkers (His Second Crisis: The Fund).

> A man down in Texas heard Pat on the radio mention the fact that our two youngsters would like to have a dog and, believe it or not, the day before we left on this campaign trip, we got a message from Union Station in Baltimore, saying they had a package for us. We went

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down to get it. You know what it was? It was a little cocker spaniel dog, in a crate that he had sent all the way from Texas—black and white, spotted, and our little girl Tricia, the 6-year-old, named it Checkers. And you know, the kids, like all kids, loved the dog, and I just want to say this, right now, that regardless of what they say about it, we are going to keep it.

It was painful for me to imagine, in 1968, eight years of Richard Nixon. In my heart I knew he was unworthy. I had traveled with him in California sufficiently far to be able to see ever afterward the tricks he was up to. His methods never varied. He ran for President as he had run for Congress, igniting and inflaming fears, exploiting ignorance. I never used the phrase "President Nixon." It was not precisely disrespect—I just couldn't *say* it.

I voted in 1968 in West Lafayette, Ind., surrounded by neighbors mainly sound and sturdy and mainly for Nixon. Who was I to say that my neighbors were all wrong and I was all right? I could see for myself their practical realism, their tight, safe houses nestled beneath the smokestack of Purdue. Their collective instinct must be reliable. They must know what they are doing. As for me, I must try to appear sane throughout the neighborhood, nor embarrass my children with cuckoo exclamations regarding the low, evading, lying, distorting tactics of Richard Nixon. Perhaps we don't in any case require character in a President.

Thus I tried in 1968, as I had tried in my book about Nixon, to doubt myself first and him second, saying to myself, "I cannot be all right and my neighbors all wrong; he will rise to the office as men in the past rose to the office, as professors rise to deans, and deans rise to president." Save me from my paranoia. Save me from my excitable past. Save me from faith in my own instincts.

His first term progressed. He did not especially distinguish the office, yet neither did he descend to tyranny. My doubts about myself were now and then confirmed, sometimes by a rueful friend, sometimes by a hostile stranger in the mail, chiding me for the subtitle of my book: *The Last Days of Richard Nixon* (1964).

I had thought the book wise beyond the subtitle, but I now began to feel less and less justified to speak with authority. His last days obviously hadn't been his last at all—my calculations were wildly wrong; you'd never catch a Purdue boilermaker reading his slide rule as drunkenly as that. I had mistaken bad language for bad character. I had mistaken bad style for meanness. I was too much word-monger, too much teacher of English, too much amateur psychologist imagining I heard Nixon doing all his thinking out loud.

One of my sons, his father's helpless captive, fixed a poster to his wall showing Nixon and Agnew on motorcycles: "Uneasy Riders." Nixon is saying to Agnew, "We blew it." But that wasn't true—not yet. They'd done the deeds, but they hadn't been caught, and it appeared as we approached the end of his first term that he was held in check by the blessings of the system.

In November 1972, in a hotel room in New York City on the hard-raining night of Nixon's second election, I was on the point of switching off the television when he burst almost unannounced to tell me that which I had already heard that evening—that he had won his re-election by the vastest majority in history. (Later I heard it was the second vastest majority.) First or second vastest, it was a mandate. Well, I'd survived four years. I could survive four more.

Everywhere but Massachusetts and the District of Columbia had mandated him. If ever a man possessed the liberty to try for things he desired Nixon possessed it now.

What did he desire? He would "wind down" the war, he'd bring us peace and détente. He had "cooled" the campuses. Of course, these were things the nation seemed to want, not he alone, if at all. He cared nothing for issues as such, except as they were instruments of political campaigns. He had always taken a position first, and sought facts afterward. Context was all. In another context in another year he'd have gone another way. What did *he* desire?

"He possessed no further vision of the end." That sentence at least, taken from my book, seemed to apply now. With all his vote, all his mandate, all his opportunity now to rise to the office, what would he seek to achieve? Now was the time for things grander than those "historic firsts" of his first term; first telephone talk to the moon; introducing his Cabinet by television. Historic first followed historic first, as record follows record in sports.

It is well that he never had the chance to achieve whatever vision he may have had, if any. The likelihood is that his vision was fulfilled on that November night when he'd won the vastest or second vastest majority in history, a historic first or second. The winning was all. In the game he had played for years, on the night the game aimed for, he had amassed the big score. That had *been* the vision, beyond which no vision existed except, it would seem, the vision of personal comfort in various houses scattered about; kept up, it would seem, at public expense.

The visions I feared were the visions I imagined once Watergate began to close in upon him. In deep trouble, he might blow us all up, or take us to the bottom of the sea as Ahab took the crew of the *Pequod* to relieve his bitterness. Melville speaks of Captain Ahab's "monomania," for Ahab sought only the white whale and nothing besides, and when that prize swam beyond reach the Captain was prepared to die, nor cared who joined him. Do you remember how Sen. Joseph McCarthy, when his moment passed, swiftly sank and died? It is not difficult for me to see the same course for Nixon.

So now this is a historic first, this leaving an unexpired Presidency not by death or by bullets, but in shame and disgrace. On the night of August 8 Richard Nixon commanded free television one final time. (He had always sought things he denied to others; relevantly here, one is reminded that he was always an enemy to Public Television.)

It was the voice we had always known, and this was his Farewell Plea Bargain. Yet we had heard farewells from him before. The task now is less the punishment of the man than the discouragement of the type. "The political dilemma was as clear in 1870 as it was likely to be in 1970," wrote Henry Adams. "The system of 1789 had broken down, and with it the 18th-century fabric of

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a priori, or moral, principles." Adams' Washington was the scene of "endless corruption."

For me it was the voice of the Checkers speech, the voice of piety condemning "welfare chiselers" in California in 1962, advocating capital punishment, boasting of his crises, linking Governor Brown to communism, celebrating thrift, economy, frugality, and defining education: "What are our schools for if not for indoctrination against communism?" The voice was always venturing, always promising that the speaker would go farther if permitted; nor was the promise of direction ever toward ampler health, hope, welfare, art, education or environment, but always toward a crackdown on somebody (like people on welfare depleting the country with their laziness).

One's delight in hearing for the last time the voice of Richard Nixon is no habitual antagonism, no old partisan feud, no folk rivalry. The crime of Richard Nixon is not that he broke and entered and stole but that he possessed no vision of a humane end, that his requirement for personal success was unnaturally intense, and his capacity for villainy therefore proportionate. The destruction of Alger Hiss was but an early step in a career and consistent with the bombing of Cambodia. Other people's lives were cheap to Nixon. One of his early acts as President was his granting immunity to CIA men in a cloudy murder, nor was I surprised at his eagerness to display his sympathies for the soldier Calley.

His Farewell Plea Bargain was the old sentimental tack to the end. "I have always tried to do what was best for the nation. . . . I have felt it was my duty to persevere. . . . I felt strongly that it was necessary to see the constitutional process through . . . no matter the personal agony. . . . I must put the interests of America first. . . ." All this we had heard in that voice for a quarter of a century —nothing had ever been Richard Nixon's fault, nothing had ever been in the interests of his private objective, it was all for you, me, country, duty, Constitution: as he had once been not a man but a Senator, now he was not a man but a Presidency. At the end, however, other evidence was in, even if it was only police evidence clear enough for the most reluctant Republican Congressmen.

The terrifying thing about clear evidence is its power to suggest that everything anyone has ever suspected about Richard Nixon has been true, with or without evidence. Thus we may rejoice quite without guilt at his passing; a threat has been dissolved, a reprieve delivered, and a mighty relief. I feel—offering here the last lines of *Mark the Glove Boy, or The Last Days of Richard Nixon* —as if I have "witnessed in some way something like the triumph of virtue in a naughty world." □

EUROPE'S NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

HUGH HECLO

Europe this year is neither a bargain nor a place where Americans can go to get away from it all. Throughout most of Western Europe, consumer prices have been and still are rising much faster than in the United States (in the first quarter of this year they rose an annual average of 18 per cent in France, 16 per cent in Belgium, 20 per cent in Britain and Sweden, 28 per cent in Italy, compared to 14 per cent in the United States). In almost all the West European countries, tax receipts have at least doubled since 1965, rising much faster than average earnings or consumer prices. Unemployment is likely to grow markedly this fall as a result of deflationary measures taken earlier in the year. Not surprisingly, many Americans have decided to stick with their problems at home, and this year the number of U.S. tourists to Europe will decline for the first time since World War II, probably by 10 per cent or more.

Those who do cross the Atlantic will hear the same complaints in most European nations: economic problems are mounting and, whatever their claims, politicians and government are proving of little help. Protests are now as likely to come from the respectable working classes and bourgeoisie as from the radical Right or Left. Everywhere the grand causes of the 1960s—American imperialism, nuclear arms, student power, etc.—have given way to bread-and-butter issues of inflation, wages, taxation and employment. To fill a piazza or boulevard nowadays you must talk about pay envelopes, not philosophies.

The complaints have risen in waves of disenchantment against any government—Socialist, Gaullist, Conservative, or whatever—unlucky enough to find itself in power. Depending on how you count the musical chairs of Italian politics, there have been seven or eight changes of government leadership in European nations during the last year. Election "winners," such as d'Estaing in France, have prevailed by only the narrowest margins, or, as in Britain, Denmark, Germany, Norway and Sweden, had to form governments of the Left without absolute parliamentary majorities. The major established political parties show increasing strains and new parties of more limited appeal are gaining prominence. Scottish, Welsh Nationalist and liberal parties are prospering in what was Europe's model two-party system; a new party became overnight the second largest group in the Danish parliament by calling for an end to taxation (its leader was indicted this summer for tax fraud, after openly urging everyone to follow his example and pay no taxes). So complex and intractable are the problems that government machines are being used up at an accelerating rate.

An era of disposable executives may not be ominous for democratic politics if there are replacements available to command alternative support, but popular belief in any

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alternative leadership is exceedingly hard to find in the European election results of the last year. Instead, the results suggest "a plague on both your houses." More than ever in recent years, elections are being won by votes against the incumbents rather than by clear preferences for any positive alternative. No party or alliance of parties in Europe seems able to win office by a decisive popular vote.

European politicians in both government and opposition have behaved as any sensible person does in a cross fire; they have kept their heads down. Given the short life expectancy in politics today, there is every incentive to avoid risks. For those in government, facing the hard choices can only further antagonize support and probably turn out to be too little too late in any case. For the opposition, the impulse is to avoid any concrete proposals that might only cause trouble later. "Change without risk" was the campaign slogan of d'Estaing, and it expressed precisely both the prevailing mood and the inherent self-contradiction of trying to do something without really bothering anyone.

If there is a political equivalent of a nervous breakdown, Europe is in the midst of it. Is there need for more integration or less? Is Britain in or out of the Common Market? Is monetary union essential or irrelevant? Has the energy crisis been a disaster or an opportunity for the European Community? What is symptomatic of the illness is not that these questions are debated but that they are debated with no outcome, jerking first this way and then that. At the same time, well-worn slogans of domestic politics have lost their appeal. The concept of alienation, so beloved by radical Socialists, does not seem to fit the situation, and the Socialist/Communist alliance came within one percentage point of winning the French Presidency in May only by muting the radical rhetoric and relying on the stodgy respectability of orthodox party machinery. As Edward Heath found in Britain, Conservatives playing their favorite theme of national-solidarity-in-crisis also fail to arouse popular response. What lies between the extremes of alienation and solidarity is an indecisive middle range of disenchantment, and it is here that European politics now wavers.

In this situation the warnings addressed privately by then Chancellor Willy Brandt to two European Prime Ministers and leaked in the press last March are important and should be taken seriously as more than the bitterness of a tired politician. Brandt wrote of the general dissatisfaction with the existing party systems and the inability of cabinets to govern in acts as well as words. There was, he concluded, a real possibility that within another twenty or thirty years democratic politics would be extinct in Western Europe. Recently in London I heard some of the least excitable British civil servants express similar fears that authoritarian solutions were in store. Even those who do not hold the darkest views recognize that the vision of a free, united Europe—so bright only two years ago—has been considerably dimmed. No longer is there any assurance that, as the phrase went, Europe is inventing its own future.

Paradoxically, last winter's physical shortages were not themselves a major source of disenchantment. Gasless Sundays, public blackouts, candlelit shops—these were palpable and direct trials, visibly shared by all. For many people, the common inconveniences fleetingly evoked the old wartime spirit of comradeship under fire. But the shortages were only symptoms of less overt, less communal economic woes that do not produce feelings of solidarity. The combined pressure of inflation, taxation and unemployment on wages is an individualized threat; it upsets assumptions built up for years about continued real economic improvement; it divides people into those who can look out for themselves and keep pace and those who cannot. As the remedies pledged by politicians fail to materialize, it is personalized economic pressure that can drive a wedge between government and society.

Of course the economic problems are not unique to Europe, but what does make the European situation particularly troublesome is the context within which the economic forces make themselves felt. For one thing there is in Europe a strong assumption that these economic forces are subject to rational human control, and a greater faith than in America that government can find the solutions. Government planning has become an accepted part of postwar life, and the large Socialist parties have been proclaiming for years that they have a special expertise for handling economic problems. Because leaders have claimed to know more than they do, ordinary people who believed them have been set up for a greater disappointment.

For another thing, the economic margins for error are still much smaller in Europe than in the United States. Balance of trade and payments problems cannot be so easily absorbed, since they constitute a much larger share of the total European national product. Nor can Europeans, dependent as they are on foreign energy supplies, gain even temporary consolation by initiating a U.S.-style Project Independence for self-sufficiency, however silly that idea may prove in the long run. Britain, for one, may also simply lack the resources with which to buy off troublesome strikers, as the U.S. Government did with independent truckers. Well-organized European unions may be less willing to be bought off. Moreover, the greater prevalence of nationalized industries in Europe means that, for an important section of the industrial work force, government is not an arbiter but an active partisan to be fought in labor market negotiations. So far municipal strikes of public employees have given the United States only a small taste of the disruption that can occur when government authority is by definition no longer neutral. At the same time other pressures, particularly fear of communism, which formerly tended to unite democratic political forces, have been noticably reduced in recent years.

Apart from all these difficulties, Europe faces a particularly severe dilemma when it tries to reconcile domestic and international demands. This dilemma eats at Europe's self-confidence and feeds the political equivalent of a nervous breakdown. It runs approximately as follows. On the one hand, integration has gone far enough in Europe and between Europe and the rest of the world that no country can heroically stand apart as master of its own

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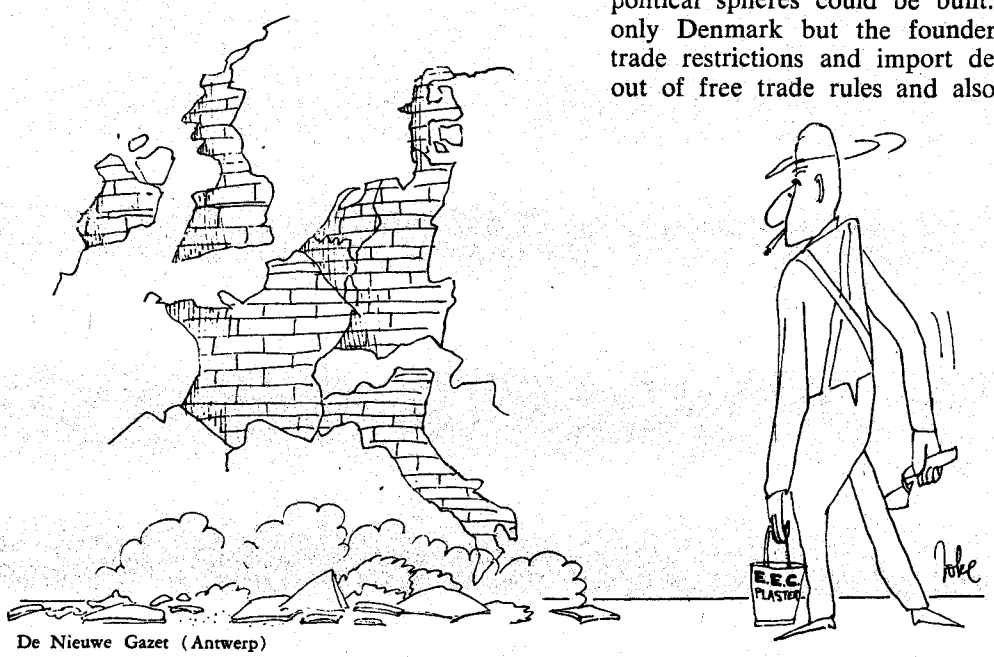
economic fate. At least some of the domestic tensions can be met only through Europe-wide actions to pool risks and deal with the world at large. On the other hand, it has become clear that a requisite for vigorous cross-national cooperation in Europe is strength, or at least relative stability, at home. The in-again, out-again behavior of Britain with respect to the European Community is only the most recent reminder that the original alliance was created not by some desperately weak nations that needed one another's strength but by already recovered nations looking for even greater mutual gain. Thus, to cope with a weakening domestic situation presumes strong international policies; to improve ineffective international policies presumes strength at home. Europe has developed enough interdependence to require still more, but not enough to get more.

The United States also encountered a mild form of this European dilemma when the effectiveness of its internal wage and price controls was eventually crippled by its inevitable involvement in a world economic market. National regulations could not withstand the pressures of world commodity prices that were forcing costs up and higher prices abroad that were drawing price-controlled supplies out of this country. But for at least a little while longer America, unlike Europe, can side-step the problem by drawing the traditional distinction between domestic and international affairs. In economic affairs, the leadership has in effect said it will pay the price internally and give up on international economic initiatives; in post-Watergate politics, the reverse has occurred in the tendency to give up on domestic for foreign affairs. Only a nation rich enough to absorb, or authoritarian enough to deny, the costs can dare to run domestic and foreign policies as if they were unrelated spheres. European nations cannot, and hence the worries about more authoritarian answers if economic growth fails.

Europe has become like a finely geared machine which must keep its internal parts running in some degree of correspondence. When dealing with the outside world on issues such as energy supplies, the direct dependence of each nation's domestic stability is so great that the distinction between foreign and domestic policy is almost nonexistent; separate deals with the oil producers were predictable. On other external issues, Europeans might have more opportunity to create a common front, but it would be foolish to try it for any issues except those most vitally affecting the nations' relations with one another. For it is in dealing among themselves that Europeans have the greatest cause for worry that the parts are being thrown out of gear. Every twist of the economic screw sharpens the differences. While the average annual rate of inflation in consumer prices has climbed to 17 per cent in the major nations of Britain, France, Germany and Italy, the dispersal of nations around this average has also continued to grow, so that currently inflation in Germany is less than half that in France, Britain or Italy. While German exports exceed imports by between 30 per cent and 40 per cent, the deficit of imports to exports has grown this year to 15 per cent in France and to more than 30 per cent in Britain and Italy. Germany now controls one-half of total European foreign exchange reserves and is predominant in its industrial economy. Privately, many other Europeans worry about the balance of power as leadership passes to a generation less encumbered by wartime memories and less ashamed to be Germans.

Observing Europe's search for a way forward, one notices two things in particular. The first is that no independent help will come from a supranational European Community. By all accounts, the movement toward a distinct European authority has run straight into the sand. The supposed monetary union of the mid-1970s was stillborn, as Britain, Italy and France all came under economic pressure and quickly reneged on the collective monetary arrangements. Much more shattering to Europeans' self-confidence has been the damage done to the free-trade doctrine itself. The elimination of intra-European trade restrictions was considered the foundation upon which integration in economic, social and political spheres could be built. Last spring, when not only Denmark but the founder-member Italy imposed trade restrictions and import deposits, they both opted out of free trade rules and also dealt a heavy blow to



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the accepted program for future European development. In short, the driving force for future action will have to come from the traditional interplay of national governments and interests or it will not come at all.

Second, it is also evident that now, as at the beginning of postwar cooperation, the key to European stability lies in Franco-German relations. As long as these nations remain committed to finding and pursuing common courses of mutual self-interest, the chance of reconciling domestic and international demands for action remains alive. Without this commitment, the other Western European nations cannot improvise stability. On both these grounds there is cause for hope. Helmut Schmidt in Germany and Giscard d'Estaing in France are both close, technically proficient men who possess a strong sense of their broad national interests. In effect, one of their first contributions has been to question the assumptions behind the European Community and by doing so to deflate the rhetoric surrounding the entire subject. They, and Harold Wilson in London, have replaced the men of hopes in France, Germany and Britain who spoke so glowingly of Europe's political and economic unification by 1980. These new men of calculations are more interested in practical payoffs. And that is exactly what Europe needs at the moment, even if it does interfere with the splendid visions from the past. The new sentiment was captured in a secret memorandum written by Schmidt to his party's leadership last May. "We cannot sacrifice the stability of our economy and the welfare of our citizens . . . to a European Community incapable of acting." The implications can be read several ways, but the statement contains a solid core of realism about how nations can be expected to behave. In making plain the connection between actions and interests, Europe's new leaders may be able to generate more reliable support and build more substantial hopes than those recently dashed.

Calculations of self-interest need not mean shortsightedness. Here too there are hopeful signs that the European nations recognize that they can all be pulled down by the weakness of a few and that beggar-my-neighbor policies will be in no one's interest. Despite Italy's breach of the free-trade rules, the other members of the European Community have agreed to shun any retaliatory actions against their trading partner. For their part, Germany's present leaders recognize that their strength is built on a dependence on others; with exports equal to more than one-fifth of its GNP, Germany is more dependent on free foreign trade than any other comparable industrial nation. It has urged its partners to bring more order into their internal economic relations, not in order to gloat but to express its own stake in their strength. The new French Government has begun faithfully to implement some of these painful deflationary measures. In the longer term, however, d'Estaing's main hope for "change without risk" is declared to depend on increasing the French growth rate to match that of Germany and thus provide the 20 billion francs required by his domestic reform program. It is possible that the gamble of France and the other Europeans on a quick deflation and then strongly resumed growth will pay off, as commodity prices turn down and no more than a mild worldwide recession occurs. But the mere absence of a major world economic crisis will only delay the applicability of Brandt's warning to the European democracies. That is not much, but it is something.

The essence of democratic Europe's race against time is the extent to which its institutions can control an inflationary trend of which price rises are only one instance. This inflation arises from the expectations of unions, business, consumers, government spenders, in fact every group making claims on government and one another. Somehow democratic political institutions must find ways to temper these expectations so that people are more likely to make the connection between what they want and the costs that must be borne to get it. Making this connection is perhaps the most difficult thing a free people can be asked to do. It implies neither the paralysis of discouraging all claims nor the hyperthyroidism of claiming to do everything, but rather a discipline which can concentrate selectively on feasibilities. At present, democratic societies in Europe have only begun to evolve ways of controlling and using expectations so as to make government manageable. By themselves traditional methods of accountability—party programs and popular elections—may no longer be sufficient and new methods will have to be added so that self-interest helps to keep demands and the possibilities of action in some kind of rough correspondence. That is why efforts at worker participation, public/private collaboration, negotiation on wages *and* profits, decentralization, devolution and other processes must be more than mere slogans. For the pressing need is to make those who generate expectations also responsible for participating in their realization.

The need to link wants with costs applies not only to familiar domestic processes, such as wage bargaining, but also to European collaboration to face the outside world. This means recognizing that to obtain a better purchase on international pressures which are at present beyond national control—particularly pressures tending to throw European states out of gear with one another—it will be necessary to pay the price by relinquishing some national prerogatives. The lesson being painfully learned is that good will does not suffice and that Europe's ultimate security in an interdependent world will have to rest on its own strength. Dependence in today's complex international economy does not necessarily mean weakness, but it does put a premium on joint action. If able to count only on the good will of others for protection, Europe can expect no better treatment than it has had at the hands of more united forces in the last year. What is at stake are not fanciful visions of one united Europe but hardheaded calculations of self-interest and the realization that to be both dependent and divided is in fact to have no defensible self-interest.

The question facing Europe is what can be done about an overload of demands in an era when both technocratic tinkering and traditional ideologies have lost their appeal. If the men of calculations fail, it may become the turn of the men with final answers. The present threat to European democracy is that when people feel they can believe in nothing they may be ready to fall for anything. □

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THE MANAGED DEPRESSION

DAVID DEITCH

> Two more devices of Hoover planning remain to be discussed. One was work sharing. This was, in reality, unemployment sharing. It had no influence whatever on the amount of work to be done. It meant merely that the work—and the pay for it—should be distributed more evenly. It meant giving jobs at extremely low wages to some of the unemployed, at the expense of the wages of the employed. It transferred some of the burden from the shoulders of those who were giving charity to the shoulders of workers who were less able to pay for it.
>
> —George Soule, *Planning U.S.A.*

The idea of the 1930s depression has been resurrected and implanted throughout the society. In recent months the topic has become the "big story" in virtually all sectors of the media, from radical-chic literary journals to weekly news magazines and TV talk shows. Without a doubt, the possibility of depression has been accepted by leading opinion makers, big bankers and defeated economic managers, shorn of theoretical illusions of capitalist stability. True enough, the worldwide capitalist system *is* creating the conditions for a 1930s-style bust. It's reasonable, however, to wonder if the depression will take place in exactly the form experienced in the past. Perhaps not; and at any rate there is no way to determine the date on which that massive break in the chain of payments will precipitate the international breakdown.

While the current situation may resolve itself in a "big bang" at any time, there is another viewpoint which sees society in depression *now*, suffering a "managed" form of the disease as distinguished from the popular notion of depression-collapse. A collapse is characterized by a steep decline in production, massive unemployment, bankruptcies and financial failures, a deflation of prices. The managed depression we are at present experiencing, however, involves a general decline in working-class living standards, intractable inflation, corporate inability or unwillingness to invest at a satisfactory rate in real production and new technology, a growing tendency to underproduce and manufacture shortages as the means by which profit rates can be maintained, a larger and larger portion of output devoted to servicing the growing debt, and inescapable involvement of the state in rationalizing the system to accommodate these depression conditions.

Exactly how the advanced industrial states will rationalize their activities in the face of deepening depression is the overriding problem of the 1970s. Assuming that economic collapse does not intervene in this rationalizing process, it appears inevitable that inflation will continue its successful attack on working-class living standards. And, while a higher rate of unemployment cannot be avoided, the great challenge of coming years will be to maintain a rather high level of employment through development of labor-intensive enterprise, especially a vast expansion of menial government jobs. Further, the general liquidity crisis that is behind the growing corporate inability to produce will force an acceleration of corporate mergers and the tendency toward state capitalism in the United States. Effective state control of industry will proceed toward direct state ownership in selected areas, those with high debt-to-equity ratios and low profitability.

The root of the crisis is the inherent tendency of a capitalist system to accumulate paper—property titles, otherwise referred to as claims on production—in excess of real production. Exactly why this happens is complicated and goes beyond the scope of this article, but it affects both investment in rising productivity and the discounting of bills of exchange—credit instruments—that are the normal way of doing business. Beyond the need to account for depreciation and the replacement of old machinery, the system must "overprice" its goods relative to purchasing power and make up the difference by extending further credit. The problem is located within the credit system, that finds it increasingly difficult to accommodate the necessary on-the-cuff buying. The point is that while faulty distribution of income may be blamed for many troubles of the capitalist system, it does not produce breakdown. The availability of credit guarantees that all production is sold, and breakdown looms when credit is withdrawn or becomes too expensive. In order to avert collapse, the energy of the system is drained off—looted of its real output—so that debt can be serviced.

The overriding tendency has become obvious to more people in recent months. Net corporate debt, rising rapidly with inflation, was $1.1 trillion at the end of 1973, accounting for 57 per cent of all net private debt in the United States and 44 per cent of all net private and public debt outstanding. As a percentage of gross corporate product (the output of nonfinancial corporations), debt rose from 86¢ per dollar of GCP in 1948 to $1.11 in 1960, to $1.20 in 1965, to $1.54 in 1970, and to $1.63 in 1973. At the same time, internal sources of funds (retained profits and depreciation allowances) dropped steadily from an average 67 per cent in the 1960-67 period to 47 per cent in 1973. As a result of rising demand to credit-finance expansion and service old debt, corporate liquidity (the ability to meet debts as they come due) grew shaky. As one measure of this debt service capability, the conservative liquidity ratio of cash and government holdings to current liabilities declined from more than 40 per cent at the end of 1961 to around 18 per cent now. Stockholders' equity in relation to debt (the ratio of capital owned to capital borrowed for all manufacturing corporations) dropped steadily from 4.5 per cent in 1955 to 3.9 in 1964 and fell under 2.3 in 1973. The stepped-up use of debt provided the leverage to maintain the rate of return on cash investment. But the failure of production to match the rise in debt created the conditions for the inflation of the 1970s while the United States and the advanced industrialized world became preoccupied with the management of financial assets rather than production as the dynamic source of

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profits. As the parasitic and nonproductive financial sector of the economy grew larger, a greater portion of the system's real profit would be devoted to maintaining the debt service upon which the financial sector depended. The falling tendency of the rate of profit—especially in the latter half of the 1960s—meant that the rise in absolute profits would move into speculative outlets. Mobil Oil would rather pour almost half a billion dollars into buying the Montgomery Ward retail chain than expand its oil refining capacity. Large commercial banks were more interested in creating super-parasitic Real Estate Investment Trusts than in lending funds to productive industry. Commodity and currency speculation replaced investment in new manufacturing capacity.

The collapse of the Cologne-based Herstatt Bank and the near breakdown of the Franklin National Bank in the United States threatened to become the significant break in the chain of debt payments that could engulf the entire world. Both banks sustained heavy losses from foreign exchange dealings that constituted a larger part of banking activity than before. In other words, the relative lack of profitable investment opportunities in productive areas forced banking interests to meet rising debt obligations by searching for profits in speculative ventures.

David Rockefeller himself confessed that money markets were rapidly becoming incapable of absorbing billions of dollars of "recycled" funds accumulated by oil-producing countries. The oil producers were initially expected to redeposit their funds in Western banks. But what would the banks do with this money? Where would *they* place the funds to secure a satisfactory rate of return to make possible the interest payments to the oil producers? In the end, only real profit from investment in the production of real goods can make viable the growing pyramid of financial paper. Lacking these productive investment outlets, financial interests are given to passing these pieces of financial paper among themselves, incurring new interest obligations to pay off the old debt, causing the total mass of paper to rise, the money supply to expand way beyond the ability of production to match.

Increasingly illiquid banks and industrial corporations are dependent upon a high rate of price inflation in order to maintain profits and service debt, but suffer from a contradiction where the same price inflation is causing an explosion in the demand for borrowed funds. Corporations must borrow steadily larger amounts because inflation is overvaluing their assets, hence raising their reported profits, while the huge rise in the cost of capital is depressing the rate of return on new investment. Story after story appears in the financial press, documenting management decisions to postpone or eliminate planned investment for fear that the rate of return won't match the cost of capital.

But the crisis of underproduction has been building for a long time. The major materials industries (primary metals, refined petroleum, cement, paper and fiber products) have been unable or unwilling to expand facilities fast enough in recent years to avoid record high capacity utilization rates. The utilization of capacity in these basic industries rose in eight consecutive quarters, from about 84 per cent in late 1971 to 96 per cent in the last half of 1973, at which point it began to decline. This level of plant operation exceeded the 93 per cent cyclical peaks achieved in 1951 and 1956; since 1965, plant operations have been much higher, even during business downturns, than earlier in the postwar era. According to an analysis by Henry Kaufman of Salomon Brothers, who evidently expects no economic collapse to intrude just yet, capacity utilization in the basic industries will probably decline even less in the current business slowdown than in 1970 and 1971, and consequently much less than in the 1950s. The corporations have obviously resisted any notion of investing in excess capacity, and indeed are unable to invest at a more rapid rate that would alleviate these developing shortages. Only a depression-collapse appears capable of transforming an underproduction situation into the classic "overproduction" crisis and all its deflationary consequences.

Credit is at the heart of today's shortages of energy, steel and other materials. But the inflationary process has eroded profitability, hence sufficient capital is unavailable at a price low enough to create useful investment. This applies even to détente with the Soviet Union. The economic basis for the disintegration of détente is Western inflation, which is pricing Siberian development out of the market. The Soviets will buy abroad what is more expensive to produce at home. The incredible rise in Western interest rates means, however, that subsidized loans are required to make Siberian development possible. The subsidies flowing from the U.S. Government to American corporations transform real profit into inflationary profit and allow *The New York Times* to raise the question whether similar profit cannot be created by granting subsidies to domestic investment.

The bankers who lend the money understand very well that U.S. corporations are experiencing major capital deficiencies, which automatically guarantees an extremely high and rising rate of inflation in coming years. It seems to me that there is no way that this capital can be raised without a more or less steady erosion in the standard of living of working people. This is the managed depression. The long-range prospect, assuming for the sake of argument no collapse, is for more shortages in a variety of foods, fuels and raw materials leading to forced rationing and even forced savings to produce the capital needed for investment. The "energy crisis" is exemplary of this trend and its usefulness in implementing the economic strategy of austerity. Both the oil corporations and the oil-producing countries were clearly interested in raising prices to restore profitability, and carried out this plan through the oil "embargo." The shortage of fuel permitted a rapid decline in industrial output, the effect similar to that of a labor strike, and took the heat off an economy that could not sustain credit demands for both liquidity and expansion. It seems to me that chances are excellent for another phony oil embargo if inflation does not moderate by the end of the year. Indeed, *The New York Times* advises us that "the economic distress caused by oil price rises is becoming more dangerous to the industrialized world than the prospect of boycott." Contrived boycotts of other industrial commodities will reinforce the propaganda that people are "consuming too much." The threat of a major natural gas shortage on the East Coast has

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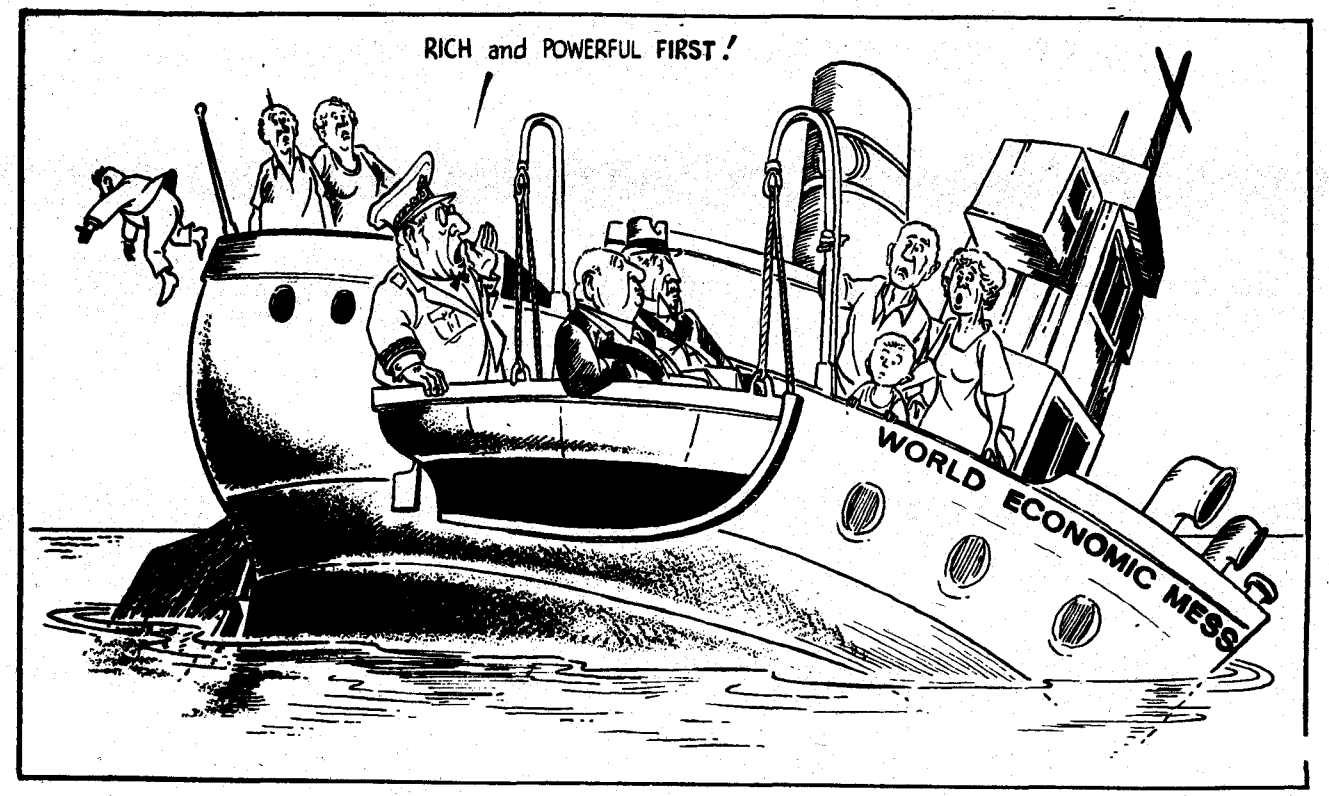
already appeared, presumably affecting twenty large industrial employers, including General Motors, Crown Zellerbach, Newark and Phoenix Steel, Avon Products and Ronson. Reportedly some 16,500 workers and a payroll of $180 million annually are involved. The Long Island Lighting Co. has warned its industrial customers to expect fuel curtailments for about 150 days of the coming heating season. The cutback reflects no shortage of fuel in the ground—merely the refusal of corporations to produce the goods for profitability reasons.

Energy "shortages" are the most effective way to force people to consume less, thereby making possible the general transfer of resources from consumption to investment. That which is not consumed is presumably available for investment, and the overriding strategy is to increase the rate of savings that can be tapped for investment purposes while alleviating the shortage of capital. Ralph Nader liberals agree with conservatives on the necessity for austerity. Nader, the "consumer advocate," argues for "a restraint on consumer spending which would include selective consumer boycotts. . . . An inflationary period is characterized by shortages. The best antidote is a constructive consumer shortage. People always overconsume, whether it's paper or gasoline." Such remarks, in the context of capitalist crisis, are disturbing and lead inexorably to the demand for "population control" which is also part of the rationalizing program. The breakdown of production in the fertilizer and farm-machinery industries guarantees the death of millions in the Third World, if not growing malnutrition in what is euphemistically called the "advanced industrial sector." The simple fact is that people are not wanted, because consumers are not wanted, because capital cannot be found to produce the goods.

We are at the stage where capitalism is cannibalizing itself—especially its working class—as the means for survival. Elements of the working class regarded as "unemployable," the millions in India and the Sahel, for example, will be discarded. Other millions will be increasingly utilized in *labor-intensive* industry, not only in the Third World but also in the "advanced" sector. Industry that is unable to raise its productivity by capital investment will do so by making people work harder for less real wages. It is hard to overemphasize the pattern which is unfolding, a pattern reminiscent of the 1930s worldwide depression, which is taking shape now in advance of the collapse which confronts all of us. Evidently interested in developing a new New Deal for the 1970s, liberal Sen. Vance Hartke has suggested that a new type of Civilian Conservation Corps, a creation of the Roosevelt administration, might be established to handle the massive track improvements needed by the railroad industry.

Meanwhile, the nation's relief program is being transformed into a forced labor enterprise. New York City's Work Relief Employment Program, originally sponsored by former Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, provides paid employment for 10,000 home-relief recipients. With the State Supreme Court ruling the program legal, the door is open for a massive expansion of public works, "leaf raking" as it was known in the 1930s. The conservative appeal of this type of public employment program is to force people to work off their welfare checks through cheap labor-intensive employment. The rising jobless rate in the industrial labor force clears the path for large-scale recycling of workers into lower-paying jobs beneath their capabilities. Also facilitating the transfer of workers into planned labor-intensive industry is the legislation sponsored by Senator Mondale (National Emergency Relocation Act) and Rep. Henry Reuss (Equal Opportunity and Full Employment Act). The big push for expanded government



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

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employment has the full cooperation of conservative interests as well.

Other solutions are being proposed. Some look forward to a future corporativist commingling of private and public capital, a "sharing" of power between capital and labor as in Fascist Italy. Sen. Jacob Javits, who during the financial crisis of 1971 proposed a new Reconstruction Finance Corporation to bail out dying private industry, is today proposing a closer relationship between worker and employer. Aware that the ship is sinking, the Republican Javits, a close associate of the Rockefellers, would expand profit-sharing and stock ownership, as well as open boards of directors to worker representatives as in West Germany. There is no attempt to explain the advantage of sharing in a business that cannot make a profit without exploitation of workers, or of shoring up a system whose only *raison d'être* is to support a mountain of useless debt.

The media and advertising aspects of the general propaganda effort to rationalize the system are, of course, highly important. The *Boston Herald American* (August 2) headlines a story, "Pay Not as Important as Job Conditions." It quotes an executive of TRW, Inc. to the effect that workers are not concerned with their standard of living during an inflationary period if they are treated "humanely." This is the Fascist kernel of the "co-participation" strategy, that workers will submit to their exploitation from a boss who pays attention to "individual satisfaction" with the job. The *Herald American* story goes on to say that "five years ago, surveys showed employees valued pay the most, with working conditions number two. Now, pay ranks fifth behind job satisfaction, meaningful contributions to society and similar considerations." In a closely related piece of information, we learn from *The New York Times* (June 9) that the major advertising problem today is "De-marketing: How to Reduce the Demand." Academic salesmen Philip Kotler and Sidney J. Levy point out that "interest in the art of de-marketing (convincing people to consume less) came to the fore this year as a result of the worldwide emergence of major shortages. . . . Producers suddenly found it hard to keep up with demand, and many had to put their customers on allocation." The *Times* evidently believes its readers to be incredibly naïve because it actually had the effrontery to headline one story on the financial page, "Is a Continued Bout of Inflation a Problem for the Psychologist?" (July 22). The implication, of course, is that people who refuse to "adjust" to the inflation are in some way mentally ill and that no further demands should be made on the sacrosanct political economy. The story quotes one psychiatric brainwasher as saying that "as money becomes less available, desires will become more realistic" and "as people become more responsible fiscally, they will become more responsible emotionally."

What Mr. Psychiatrist refuses to acknowledge is the very existence of that pyramid of financial paper that is driving people crazy, forcing them to work ever harder for nonproductive purposes. And the pyramid is growing uncontrollably. The financial paper that is not repayable through real production is "rolled over" to avoid a deflation of assets and collapse. During each "roll-over" period the total mass of paper increases and can be stabilized only temporarily through price inflation. This brings up the matter of current economic policy and where the potential collapse may occur. In 1966, the crisis centered on the market for certificates of deposit (CDs) and the massive outflow of funds from savings institutions, which the Federal Reserve Board bailed out through massive injections of credit. In 1970, the Fed moved to stem a collapse in the commercial paper market triggered by the Penn Central failure. In both cases the upsurge of credit outstanding was tremendous, far beyond any recovery in real production. In 1974, some of the more astute observers, such as the Bank Credit Analyst of Montreal and Gilbert M. Haas & Co., New York, now look to the Eurocurrency market for the big break. This essentially unregulated market, with no lender of last resort, appears to be expanding at close to a 50 per cent annual rate and is now in the area of $360 billion, about half in interbank deposits. "What is happening now in the Eurodollar market," says the Bank Credit Analyst, "is a process called deposit withdrawal and upgrading of credit quality, a euphemism for what used to be called a 'run on the banks.' "

In the current situation, the Fed appears to be following a "high risk" policy of tight credit, indicating that it fully expects an increase in bankruptcies which presumably can be contained and localized. This policy seems to jibe with that of the newly proposed chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, Alan Greenspan. The result is sure to be a sharp increase in capital concentration, with the largest, most liquid banks and corporations picking up the bankrupt pieces on the bargain counters. To the extent that any stability remains in the Eurocurrency market, the Rockefeller-dominated banks will grow fatter than ever. The Nixon administration, through Roy L. Ash, director of the Office of Management and Budget, indicated its policy toward the antitrust laws: favoring big private companies to produce the goods rather than big-state enterprises. What the nation needs, Ash asserted, is a "new framework of pro-competition rather than antitrust law." He argued, according to *The New York Times*, that in many cases there might be better competition between ten big companies than 100 small companies (assuming small companies can continue to exist at all in this era of managed depression). Another Nixon operative, Domestic Council Director Kenneth R. Cole, has said that the administration hopes to rid government of the "bankrupt" Social Security System by turning it over to a private corporation (*The New York Times*, July 27). Reduced benefits would presumably make Social Security solvent again.

The point is that there aren't enough liquidity and profits to go around. Just as Wall Street brokerage houses are falling out of bed en masse, so will the entire financial and industrial system be rationalized. The giant commercial banks are beginning to destroy the savings-bank industry and savings and loan associations, all of which are involved in speculating with interest rates rather than lending money to productive housing ventures. The question is whether this process of rationalization can be "controlled" by the major capital interests or whether a generalized collapse will interfere. There are no leading indicators to permit prediction. The upcoming intra-capitalist battle will be between those who favor the rise of a

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large sector to produce the goods, versus those who wish to facilitate the next huge increase in monopoly capital. In either case, working-class living standards must decline. As in the highly leveraged, virtually insolvent Japanese corporate state, labor costs must continue to go down in real terms since a bankrupt company's employees are merged into the surviving firm at sharply reduced pay.

The last point is a warning. Fascism results in building an institutional structure to force the working class to accommodate itself to a significant decline in living standards. While the mass base and social trappings have yet to arrive, nevertheless we are on our way. □

COURTS, CONVICTS & THE PRESS

BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

In the last four years occasional judicial light has filtered through the darkness of American prisons to illuminate the systematic human destruction inside.

As recently as November 1972, Chief Justice Warren Burger told a Philadelphia audience, "We continue . . . to brush under the rug the problem of those who are found guilty and subject to criminal sentence. In a very immature way, we seem to want to remove the problem from public consciousness."

The Chief Justice was right. Through the decades the courts of the United States had considered prisons peculiarly immune from public accountability, even though they are public institutions with life-and-death consequences not only for those inside them but for the general population into which the inmates are inevitably released.

The theory was that running a prison is a highly specialized profession, the arcane work of experts with whom judges should not interfere. History confirms that prisons protected from public view do indeed produce harvests of experts in punishment, but these experts have represented some of the darkest sides of the human experience. The policy of courts deferring to the expertise of prison staffs has been known as the "hands-off doctrine" and it has produced the usual results: unrestrained brutality, widespread forced homosexuality, rampant bribery of one kind or another, and under the high-sounding name of "rehabilitation" a spectrum of practices ranging from numbing idleness to barbaric pretensions of "behavior modification" through physical and pyschological torture.

In the 1960s for the first time a small but significant number of middle-class citizens went to prison, for draft resistance, civil protest or drugs. They constituted a new element since prisons in this country are almost entirely institutions of the poor and powerless. Once university-educated, middle-class felons underwent the prison experience, society began to pay attention to pathologies ordinarily considered proper only for the improverished.

By the late 1960s a few judges began to realize what happened to the felons sentenced in the antiseptic courtrooms. These convicts were not simply deprived of their liberty and quarantined from the rest of society but subjected to torture and immersion in escalated violence. A few judges declared whole state prison systems unconstitutionally cruel and unusual—in Arkansas and Virginia, for example. Others refused to sentence any human being to particularly morbid institutions that resisted change, as in West Virginia. Some states made fashionable "cost-benefit analyses," as in California, and found that prisons not only cost a great deal but produce increased crime.

One key to the movement to bring rationality and nonviolence to prisons has been the penetration of secrecy, the absolutist control of access by penal officials. The official word has always been to tell citizen representatives to stay out of prisons for their own safety, but its effect is to tell the public to leave the official custodians to their own devices, devices building a monumental record of failure and destruction.

Very late, the press entered the process, mainly in response to spectacular riots and prison strikes. News organizations then discovered that across the country was a patchwork quilt of rules and regulations on press access. Some states allow uninhibited access for reporters to willing inmates for confidential interviews—except during emergencies. In others, prisons are closed to the press, except for the periodic visit to the stainless steel kitchens while no one is there. Other states, like California, have swung back and forth, depending on the political climate. Most obvious of all was the absolute ban on press interviews by the Federal Bureau of Prisons, whose institutions hold 22,000 men, women and children.

In California four prison inmates and three journalists sued to overthrow that state's ban on inmate interviews. There the courts made a divided decision, saying the rule was an infringement on the inmates' rights, but dismissing the complaint by the journalists. Both sides appealed.

A suit against the federal prison ban was brought by The Washington Post Co. and myself, then one of its editors. Our petition was granted by the U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C. and by the U.S. Court of Appeals. The Department of Justice appealed. The Post suit was combined with the California action for purposes of argument and decision in the Supreme Court.

On June 24 the Supreme Court, voting 5 to 4, upheld both the California and the United States Bureau of Prisons rule forbidding press interviews with inmates. It was a defeat for press access to a sick public institution. But it tended to be forgotten because the next day the Supreme Court granted the printed press a spectacular victory by unanimously overthrowing a Florida statute that forces a newspaper to grant a right of reply to public figures attacked by the newspaper.

But the 5-to-4 decision on prison interviews is significant beyond its inhibition on the press. It reinstated in

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plain language the "hands-off" doctrine. The minority dissent written by Justice Powell (with Justices Brennan, Douglas and Marshall) cited all the main arguments for permitting interviews—press freedom, public accountability of a public institution, the need for public information about a system much in the public mind.

The majority opinion was written by Justice Potter Stewart. Under different circumstances it might have been humorous that both the majority and the minority cited the speech by Chief Justice Burger quoted above in buttressing their opposite decisions. But on who will decide whether the press or public representatives may inspect a prison or interview a willing inmate, the majority wrote:

"Such considerations are peculiarly within the province and professional expertise of corrections officials, and, in the absence of substantial evidence in the record to indicate that the officials have exaggerated their response to this consideration, courts should ordinarily defer to their expert judgment in such matters. . . ."

The majority had slammed shut the door and reiterated the "hands-off" doctrine, with the concurrence, ironically, of the Chief Justice who less than two years ago had said, "In a very immature way, we seem to want to remove the problem from public consciousness." □

THE INDIANS COME TO TOWN

PHILIP RENO

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Farmington, N.M.

The towns just beyond the borders of Indian reservations have historically served as middlemen between whites and Indians. Border-town trading posts and stores bought from and sold to Indians, border towns housed the government's Indian agencies, and as time went on border towns also became the local headquarters of corporations exploiting Indian resources. These various services have bound Indians and border towns together in the same "relentless reciprocity" that Jean Paul Sartre saw binding colonized to colonizer in Africa. Now the old reciprocity, which was based on inequality and dependency, is breaking down and a new reciprocity, based on more equal rights and power, must be established.

More equal reciprocal relationships will not come easily. This is made clear in the sequence of violence against Indians and resulting Indian protest in Farmington, N.M., one of the larger and more prosperous towns bordering the Navajo Indian Reservation. The troubles in Farmington began in late April, when bodies of three Navajo men were found in wooded hills near the city's outskirts. They had been murdered with savage brutality, mutilated and burned. The initial Navajo trauma turned quickly to insistence that city officials do something specifically about the danger to Indian lives and generally about long-suffering Indian grievances. About 3,500 Navajos marched silently through town in a memorial and the Farmington Inter-Tribal Indian Organization presented Mayor Marlo Webb and the city council with a set of "demands."

The demands included an Indian share in city council decisions affecting them. Neither the history of Farmington nor its present social structure prepared it to deal with demands such as this.

Farmington had been for years an agricultural and trading center in New Mexico's San Juan River Valley. In the early 1950s, oil and gas discoveries brought a surge of people and a new prosperity to the area. Oil field workers and small business entrepreneurs were important elements in the new population, along with oil and gas company personnel. Many of the oil and gas wells were located on Navajo land. Rents and royalties from the wells went to the tribe rather than to individual Navajos, and augmented tribal revenues substantially. A small number of Navajos moved into Farmington seeking work, and for a time lived in tents along the river.

In the early 1960s a giant electrical power plant was established on Navajo land not far from Farmington. In the early 1970s another power plant was built on non-Indian land nearby. Navajo coal and water were the essential resources used to generate the power. Also in the early 1960s the Navajos relinquished water rights in exchange for a project to irrigate 110,000 acres of their land across the river from Farmington. After years of delay in Washington the project is at last nearing completion and water will reach the first block of land in 1976.

In time, Indian trade as well as Indian resources became essential to Farmington's prosperity. Indians make up only some 10 per cent of the city's 30,000 people, but Navajos from homes on the reservation comprise an estimated one-third of the town's shoppers. Even though they thus have the material base for equal reciprocal relationships, Navajos have taken little part in the social, economic or political affairs of the city. Banking, commercial and real estate interests and representatives of the large industries make up the city's monolithic white establishment. In line with the economic interests of the establishment and the social make-up of the population, the city is staunchly conservative. Signs on the highways leading into town proclaiming, "U.S. Get Out of Red U.N." are an indication of the political stance.

Little wonder, then, that the Mayor's response to the Indian demands was not affirmative enough to satisfy them. The following Saturday more than 2,000 Indians marched again and assembled outside City Hall. Police with rifles were scattered along the bluffs above City Hall but the Indians were quiet and orderly. Families with children made up a good part of the crowd, and older men and women were among those who spoke of Farmington as a "racist town" and called for "respect"

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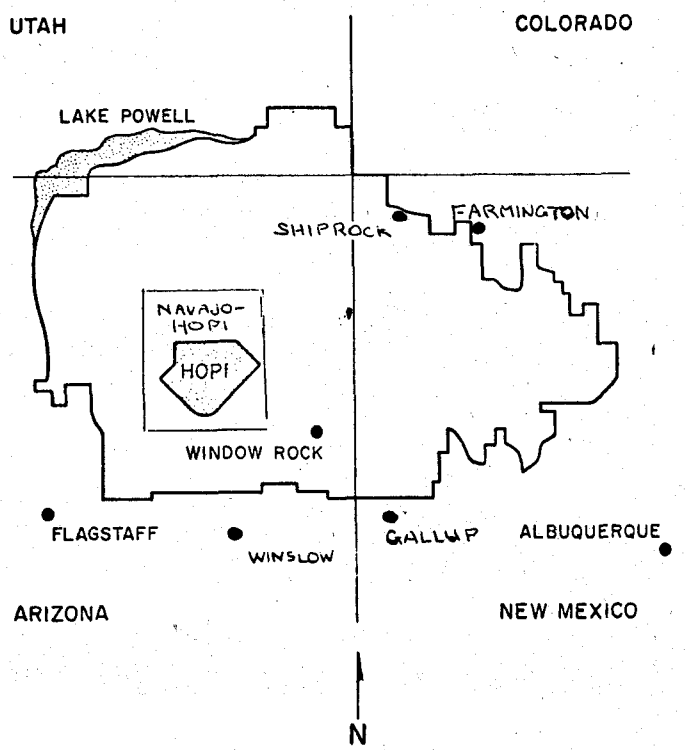
and "justice." A number condemned the bars which do a substantial Indian business.

One of the demands was that the Mayor and city council listen to their grievances. The Mayor acceded to this and called an evening meeting in a park on the outskirts of town. A good many Indians were still to be heard when the Mayor adjourned the meeting well after midnight. He then appointed a committee of "leading citizens" to continue the investigation. Indians leading the demonstrations had organized a "Coalition for Navajo Liberation," but the Mayor did not appoint any coalition leader to the committee. The pattern of confrontation hardened quickly.

A week later, nearly 2,000 Indians marched again, and again on the two following Saturdays. All the marches were orderly, but fear of disorder and rumors of violence spread among both whites and Indians. Three white high school students, two 16 years old and one 15, had admitted the murders and been sent to the state's juvenile detention center. In the Indian community talk spread about youth gangs who roamed the downtown area after dark and "got their kicks" by baiting and rolling drunken Indians. Pawnshops and sporting goods stores reported a run on gun sales. The Saturday business on which Farmington shops depend began to suffer badly. Gossip in the white neighborhoods and letters to the Farmington *Daily Times* complained increasingly about "special privileges" for Indians and warned against "outsiders" interfering in Farmington's affairs.

The leaders of the Navajo coalition are descendants of the first Americans and had grown up in the Farmington area. They are young, well-educated and articulate. Some had taken part in AIM and other Indian movements and had learned the tactics of nonviolent mass action. They had also developed a conceptual apparatus which countered "white" power and values with Indian actions and values.



The city officials could not deal with these young Indians in the usual way, and made no secret of their hope that others would come forward to represent the Navajo constituency. As time went on differences about tactics developed among the Indians, although all were clearly united in their goal to establish equal rights for Indians.

Faced by Indians with whom they would not or could not deal and by mass tactics whose consequences they feared, the city officials decided to put an end to the demonstrations. The next Saturday the Indians were denied a permit to parade, on the ground that a permit had already been granted to the Sheriff's Posse, an organization cherishing the mythology of the old West. The events that transpired are worth noting in brief because they became the justification for further city intransigence and the cause of heightened Indian resentment.

Near the head of the Sheriff's Posse parade rode a mounted ceremonial unit from Fort Bliss dressed in frontier army uniforms of the 1890s. Coalition leaders were among the usual crowds of Indians at the parade, and at the sight of the cavalry—"General Custer," one said—four stepped out into the street. They were unarmed and simply stood there barring the way.

A police officer moved up quickly. "You have five seconds to get out of the street," he warned. When the Indians did not move, someone (the officer, the Indians said) shouted "Charge!" The cavalry lowered their flags like lances, one drew his sword, and frontier America bore down on the four Indians. Other Indians came to their aid from the crowds on the sidewalks and police set off the plan they had prepared in case of trouble.

Tear-gas canisters were thrown at the Indians and the gas drifted back across the crowds. Women grabbed their children and ran, police pushed Indians into vans and carted them off to jail. Families hurried to their cars to escape and one car driven by an Indian girl ran into a policeman, who was rushed to the hospital.

Many of the Indians finally gathered outside the city jail where more than thirty of their fellows were being held. A substantial force of police and state reinforcements were around the jail, anticipating violence which did not occur. On Sunday, and perhaps by coincidence, no judge could be found. It was Monday before the Indians could be released from jail. Almost a dozen were charged with one offense or another. The city obtained a state court injunction against the Indian parades. The coalition took the issue to federal court, which ruled that the Indians had a right to parade peacefully.

No one had yet begun to deal seriously with these problems, but before their pathologic nature could be forgotten they reappeared. On Monday, when the Indians were released from the Farmington jail, three other Indian men were the victims of multiple stabbings in the fields near Gallup, N.M. Gallup is just past the southeast corner of the Navajo Reservation, 100 miles south of Farmington. Less than two years ago 5,000 Navajos had marched through Gallup in a memorial for a young Navajo killed in a shoot-out with police. He had been president of the Indian Club at the University of New Mexico and had joined with another student in a desperate plan to

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kidnap the Mayor of Gallup in order to dramatize the injustices suffered by the Navajos.

Soon after the Gallup murders, a Navajo was shot near the road between Gallup and Shiprock, and another was shot in Shiprock itself. Still another was murdered near Winslow, a border town 120 miles east of Gallup. One was found in an irrigation ditch near Farmington. As the additional cases came to light, pressures mounted to do something.

Navajo tribal chairman Peter MacDonald had named a committee to seek a solution to border-town problems and the committee opened hearings in Farmington. Gov. Bruce King of New Mexico sent representatives to Farmington and Shiprock. Justice Department and Civil Rights Commission investigators were in and out of town. The connection between psychotic white behavior, Indians, alcohol and violent death in the border towns could no longer be ignored.

Reforms had been discussed in general terms by the Indians and their few allies—the chairman's committee, the coalition, the Farmington NAACP and the handful of whites who supported the Indians. All discussions concerned alcohol, equal-employment opportunity, education programs in schools and community, an adequate Indian Center in Farmington, and discrimination in public services and private businesses.

Alcohol is near the top of the list of problems facing Indians. Several of the murdered Indians had been drinking. Accidents are the primary cause of Indian death, and alcohol figures in many of them. The Navajo Reservation is dry and the highways leading there from Gallup and from Farmington are often called "ribbons of death."

The Navajo tribe and the Indian Health Service conduct alcoholism programs on the reservation, but the programs are not adequate and hardly reach the border towns. Farmington has carried on a modest remedial program under court jurisdiction, but this program is apparently headed for extinction.

The issue of equal employment opportunity in Farmington is only slightly less urgent. A forty-five-man police force, which deals with as many Navajos as whites, includes only one Navajo. A scant handful of schoolteachers are Navajo and the same thing is true of social workers and public employees generally. In the stores one sees few Navajo clerks, and almost no Navajo employees in the banks and other financial institutions. The industries operating on the Navajo Reservation are required to give Navajos preference in employment, but apparently are hard-pressed to comply with quota requirements. The reason given is a lack of qualified Navajo applicants. In any event, more than orders and rules are needed.

Several thousand Navajos come to Farmington each Saturday to shop, and hundreds are in town every day of the week. Several years ago the city established a modest Indian center where they could rest and find washrooms, which were often denied them in city gas stations. An obvious need is for an adequate center for Indians and other visitors, with child-care facilities.

A public defender or ombudsman could help counter discrimination and other problems encountered by Indans in the border towns. For a time in the late 1950s, after a policeman had handcuffed a Navajo's arms around a light post and left him for hours, the Navajo tribe maintained such an office in Gallup. The office was discontinued when funds ran out.

These are complex problems, but steps can be taken once those involved agree to take them. The primary requirement is a willingness to work together, and at this stage the likelihood of substantive "affirmative action" programs seems to depend, as Peter MacDonald remarked, "on a change in attitudes."

Navajo coal deposits south of Farmington now generate electricity in huge power plants, and will shortly be used in even larger plants producing methane gas. In 1976 the tribe will begin production on what will, when completed, be one of the larger irrigated agricultural enterprises in the country. As these enterprises develop, thousands of workers, both Navajo and white, will be brought into integrated plants and communities. Nevertheless the companies, the government agencies, the community and the tribe have hardly begun to plan for the social problems that this influx will bring.

Planning should begin with the fundamental issue. Most of the Navajos who visit Farmington live on the reservation, and their family and spiritual ties are there. Their political aspirations must be met in the first instance by the tribal government; their stake in the present and their hopes for the future depend in large part on their own resources. Unless they are given the opportunity to obtain a better life from these resources, there will be no solution to the problems in the border towns.

At present the Indian share of the American "good life" is meager indeed. As President Nixon said in 1970 to Congress: "On virtually every scale of measurement—employment, income, education, health—the condition of the Indian people ranks at the bottom." Less generally known is the fact that the economic gap between Navajos and other Americans is widening. Between 1955 and 1969 the gap between average Navajo income and average income for the rest of the country doubled—from $1,450 in 1955 to just above $3,000 in 1969. The rich, who are mostly white, have been getting richer and the Indian poor, who are most of the Indians, have been falling farther and farther behind.

In December of 1972 Chairman MacDonald presented to the Navajo Tribal Council and the council adopted a Ten-Year Economic Development Plan designed to achieve full Navajo employment and to begin to reduce the deficit between the Navajo standard of living and that of other Americans. The plan was essentially a means to enable Navajos to help themselves, through government support of investment in services and productive capital calculated to end Navajo dependency. The plan was just what the national Administration, the Bureau of Indian Affairs and Congressional committees had been calling for, but no one wanted to think about this kind of effective, practical program. It was the same old story of neglect in American Indian affairs.

Unless positive programs are undertaken to ameliorate the symptoms and deal with the causes, social pathology will spread. There will be more psychotic white behavior, more alcohol, more Indian victims of both, and hell to pay in the border towns. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Unity of Inaction: Beckett and Racine

VIVIAN MERCIER

"All creativity consists in making something out of nothing. . . ." (*Toute l'invention consiste à faire quelque chose de rien. . . .*) This quotation from Racine's preface to his tragedy *Bérénice*, in which nothing happens for five acts, could also serve as a defense of, say, *Waiting for Godot*, "the play in which nothing happens—twice." Every Beckett critic would profit by reading the entire preface and also Racine's first preface to *Britannicus*, in which he denounces his critics for not being satisfied with "a simple action, not overloaded with matter. . . ." (*Une action simple, chargée de peu de matière. . . .*) They had apparently been complaining, like Estragon in *Waiting for Godot* and many in that play's first American audience, "Nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes, it's awful!" Racine went on to jeer at them for expecting him to cram into "an action that takes place in a single day" a quantity of incidents that would take a month to happen.

Although Beckett has never taken on his critics directly in the brash manner of Racine, I think it's no accident that Racine's arguments provide such a strong defense of Beckett's dramaturgy. On the one hand, Beckett's supposedly *avant-garde* plays observe many of the rules for neo-classical tragedy; on the other hand, Beckett has studied the work of Racine more closely than that of any other dramatist, Shakespeare included. He may not have taken the French poet to his heart as he did Dante, whose cosmogony and characters—especially Belacqua, of course—permeate the Beckett world, but Racine's tragedies were an inescapable fact of his education, as of mine. Nobody who took the French honors course at Trinity College, Dublin, under Prof. T.B. Rudmose-Brown could safely avoid reading not merely all the eleven tragedies of Racine but also his only comedy, *Les Plaideurs*. As a great admirer of "Ruddy," Beckett would have wanted to share both his admiration for Racine and his distaste for Corneille: we needn't be surprised that Beckett's first dramatic work to be performed in any language was *Le Kid* (1931), a parody of Corneille's *Le Cid*, written in French in collaboration with Georges Pelorson. At the time when it was performed by the Dublin University Modern Language Society at the Peacock Theatre, Dublin, Beckett was Assistant in French at Trinity. Rudmose-Brown thought so highly of his assistant that he allowed him to lecture on Racine, a pleasure that he normally reserved for himself. At least one set of notes on these lectures still exists, kept by Rachel Burrows, the Irish actress. It shows that in his last term at Trinity Beckett concentrated on *Andromaque*, *Phèdre* and *Bérénice*, referring also to *Athalie*, *Britannicus* and *Bajazet* in his lectures.

The critics have paid surprisingly little attention to Beckett's neo-classicism, though Wallace Fowlie noted in 1959 that *Godot* possesses an "utter simplicity" in the classical French tradition. Still, one French critic, Georges Belmont, headed his review of the original production of *Godot*: "*Un classicisme retrouvé*," "Classicism Rediscovered" (*La Table Ronde*, February 1953), and remarked that "the three unities are not so much observed in it as pitilessly present." One could argue that the unity of action is broken by the irruption of Pozzo and Lucky into each act, but, since Pozzo is at first mistaken for Godot, this argument is not entirely valid. Actually, I hold the view that Pozzo *is* Godot; on this interpretation, the play becomes almost too tightly knit. Beckett's next stage play, *Endgame*, consisting of one long act, observes the three unities of time, place and action with even greater rigor. Now that sets are so expensive, it's natural enough for two-acters like *Godot* and *Happy Days* to be played in a single set, but even these two plays come close to observing the least respected unity, that of time; *Godot* certainly "tries as far as possible to keep within a single revolution of the sun, or only slightly to exceed it," its action taking place on two successive evenings. In *Happy Days* the sun no longer even *seems* to move, but if we speak in "the old style," as Winnie habitually does, then the play's action occurs during part of two possibly successive "days." Not only is the unity of place rigorously observed in all Beckett's stage plays but, true to the rules of Racinian tragedy, the scene is always a *lieu vague*, neither here nor there: "A country road. A tree." The setting of *Bérénice*, for example, may seem quite specific at first, but it is in truth a no man's land: "The scene is at Rome, in a room between the apartment of Titus and that of Bérénice."

It is a commonplace of Beckett criticism that his characters come in pairs, especially on the stage: Didi and Gogo, Pozzo and Lucky, Hamm and Clov, Nagg and Nell; but Racine's characters too come in pairs. Look at the *dramatis personae* of *Bérénice*, for instance. (It will eventually become clear why I refer so often to this tragedy.) Titus has Paulin for his *confident*, Antiochus has Arsace for his, and Bérénice's *confidente* is Phénice; the only other character is a messenger, Rutile, just as the only unpaired character in *Godot* is the Boy who serves as messenger in both acts. Racine finds the device of the *confident* indispensable for his kind of psychological drama: without it, his plays would consist almost entirely of soliloquies. Very often, the *confident* or *confidente* personifies the main character's better or worse self: Oenone, for example, persuades Phèdre to reveal her love for her stepson Hippolyte. Beckett employs his paired characters for a similar purpose, though he is not afraid to create short works like *Not I* and *Eh Joe* that consist entirely of monologue; *Krapp's Last Tape* is a special case, since we hear the 39-year-old Krapp on tape as well as seeing and hearing his present self, thirty years older. In *Endgame*, Clov asks, "What is there to keep me here?" "The dialogue," replies Hamm. A literal translation of the original French is more pointed: "What use am I?" "You give me my cue." Hamm soliloquizes a great deal, in fact, but it was not until *Happy Days* that Beckett discovered how to write a longish play consisting almost entirely of monologue. By establishing the taciturn Willie from the start as a virtually unseen and unheard *confident*, he made Winnie's constant stream of chatter plausible.

Why did Beckett employ these archaic conventions so consistently? I think the answer must be that they were the only conventions he knew for a nonrealistic drama. He told me in 1956 that before writing *Godot* he had never been a keen theatregoer, except for about a year in his undergraduate days when he went

Vivian Mercier first made that crack about Godot *in* The Nation *of February 14, 1959. He is writing a critical study of Beckett for Oxford University Press.*

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to every new production at the Abbey Theatre. The leading dramatists then were O'Casey, Lady Gregory and Lennox Robinson: what he learned from them can be seen in *All That Fall* and his adaptation from the French of Robert Pinget, *The Old Tune*, but it must have been of little use to him in writing *Godot* or *Endgame*. Given a different education, he might have turned to Shakespeare for help, but instead, perhaps quite unconsciously, he turned to Racine.

By now, those of my readers who know their Racine must be hopping mad. What about hopeless passion? What about the conflict between love and duty, in which love is always destroyed? Where can one find anything of that kind in Beckett? Well, oddly enough, it appears in a novel first, long before Beckett had written any serious plays. Early in *Murphy* (1938) there occurs a sort of parody of a Racine plot—that of *Andromaque*, say, where Oreste loves Hermione, who loves Pyrrhus, who loves Andromaque, who loves her dead husband, Hector. We learn of "Neary's love for Miss Dwyer, who loved a Flight-Lieutenant Elliman, who loved a Miss Farren of Ringsakiddy, who loved a Father Fitt of Ballinclashet, who in all sincerity was bound to acknowledge a certain vocation for a Mrs. West of Passage, who loved Neary." Later, the susceptible Neary falls in love with Miss Counihan, who loves Murphy, who loves Celia. As sometimes happens in Racine's plays, Celia in turn loves Murphy, but this does not prevent disaster. Murphy's duty, as the world sees it, is to keep Celia off the streets by taking a job; but the only job he can get keeps him away from Celia and ends in his being burned to death. Apart from the parody, then, *Murphy* contains a fairly serious Racine-style plot.

Krapp's Last Tape also contains a hopeless love: "I said again I thought it was hopeless and no good going on and she agreed. . . ." There may even be a conflict between love and duty, implied in the last words of the play, from the tape made by Krapp on his 39th birthday: "Perhaps my best years are gone. When there was a chance of happiness. But I wouldn't want them back. Not with the fire in me now. No, I wouldn't want them back." The older Krapp who listens to these words thinks his younger self was a "stupid bastard." The "fire" is dead, the "*magnum opus*" has been completed—net sale, seventeen copies—but the love affair that he thought was hopeless, and perhaps gave up for the sake of his great work, still haunts him. "The eyes she had!"

Beckett's most Racinian play is entitled, with classical simplicity, *Play*. It can be found in embryo in the following passage from *Murphy*, which deals with the brief love life of a grotesque minor character, the one-eyed, three-testicled Cooper: ". . . Of the only two good angels he had ever been able to care for, simultaneously as ill luck would have it, the one, a Miss A, then a brunette, was now in her seventeenth year of His Majesty's pleasure, while the other, a Miss B, also formerly a brunette, had not yet succumbed to her injuries." Twenty-five years later, *Play* used the same plot, shorn of its melodramatic attempted murder but set in a sort of purgatory where two women and a man, each encased to the neck in an urn, are forced to recapitulate their brief mutual entanglement; none is aware of the presence of the other two. First Woman thinks that Man ran away with Second Woman, but the latter in fact went away alone and thinks that Man and First Woman are still together. Man knows he ran away from both, though he wanted to remain the lover of both. The whole situation resembles very closely that of *Bérénice*, in which two men, the Emperor Titus and King Antiochus, are in love with the heroine; Bérénice, for her part, is in love with Titus and regards Antiochus as her dearest friend. Yet the tragedy ends, bloodlessly, with Titus remaining unwillingly in Rome, while the other two reluctantly leave the city to go their separate ways. By the end of *Bérénice*, all three major characters have threatened to commit suicide; perhaps the three characters in *Play* are being punished because they *have* committed suicide.

If *Play* is Beckett at his most Racinian, *Bérénice* is Racine at his most Beckettian: as I have said, he makes something out of nothing for five acts, while keeping a sympathetic audience riveted to their seats. The chief reason why one says that nothing happens in *Bérénice* or *Endgame* or *Waiting for Godot* is that the situation at the end remains exactly the same as at the beginning. Possible resolutions of the deadlock are suggested, but by the end of the play all of them have been rejected. Gogo begins *Waiting for Godot* with the words, "Nothing to be done." Soon, we learn that he and Didi are waiting for Godot. At the end of two acts, Gogo says, "I can't go on like this," but they are still waiting. *Endgame* could equally well have been entitled "Stalemate." Hamm assumes at the end the exact posture we found him in at the beginning. The situation cannot be resolved: if Clov leaves the refuge, he must die, and the helpless Hamm will die too. If Clov stays, they will both die anyway, though a little later. Bérénice actually does leave Rome, but that decisive step does not make her own life, or the lives of the two men who love her, any less unbearable. This fact alone would be sufficient to justify Racine's calling his bloodless drama a tragedy. Nevertheless, the Beckett of 1931 told his students to consider *Bérénice* a comedy: it had, he said, a comic resolution, the establishment of equilibrium, whereas a tragic resolution involved the "abolition of any need of equilibrium." For him, the comic spirit as seen in Molière was an "oscillation between equilibrium and lack of it"; the tragic spirit required "progression from complexity to integrity."

How would the Beckett of today classify his own plays, which I have insisted on comparing with Racine's tragedies? We have only two pieces of evidence that I can recall: first, *Godot* is called a tragi-comedy in the English-language editions, though in French it is simply a *pièce*; second, *Play* is entitled *Comédie* in French, a word that now means "comedy," though earlier it did

BIRDS AGAIN

One may get sick finally
making poems about birds
but not of birds
who
sit on swells past the first
ripple of surf
or shake the bush.
they whistle a fine tune

and various
as colors spot the air and ground
Completely
casual
sometimes fly in a V
but break that when any
necessity
suggests itself . they are not
rigid, rules
of their songs
flexible to our ears

we
could get out books and name them
some do, cannot
contain them
that way . let them
sing a fine tune to us:
twitter of Hawk, clean human whistle
of Bob White
You need not know more of them
they are
Casual
and Sure.

Toby Olson

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mean "play." Not much help there! Lucien Goldmann, however, in his *Racine* (translator Alastair Hamilton, Rivers Press, Cambridge, England), offers a definition of tragedy as "any play in which the conflicts are necessarily insoluble," a description that applies not only to Beckett's stage plays but to much of his dramatic work for other media, including *Embers, Eh Joe* and *Film*. Goldmann was clearly trying to create an image of Racine that would appeal to the second half of the 20th century, and it must be agreed that he succeeded: almost every page of the book makes one think of Beckett, yet Goldmann doesn't mention him even once. Adhering to his own definition, Goldmann regards only three of Racine's plays—*Britannicus, Bérénice* and *Phèdre*—as tragedies in the fullest sense; *Andromaque* is tragic "up to a certain point," but the rest of Racine and of course all of Corneille's so-called tragedies are classified as "dramas." Goldmann connects Racine's four true tragedies with the doctrine of "extremist Jansenism," according to which God is hidden, "so hidden that it is impossible to know his will" or to have "the slightest indication of whether we are damned or saved." This, according to one interpretation, is the theme of *Waiting for Godot*. The related question, "What must we do to be saved?" of course becomes unanswerable: it is dramatized in *Play* as the three characters try to discover what will save them from the pitiless interrogation of the spotlight. Willy-nilly, Beckett is the Racine of today, our closest approximation to a Jansenist classical tragedian. □

He Kept the Upper Hand of His Soul

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF W.E.B. DU BOIS: Selections, 1877-1934. *Volume I. Edited by Herbert Aptheker. University of Massachusetts Press. 507 pp. $20.*

JULIUS LESTER

W.E.B. Du Bois (1868-1963) was one of the outstanding intellectuals of American history. His *The Philadelphia Negro* and *Atlanta University Studies* were pioneering works of social science, offering vital evidence to refute Social Darwinists' notions of black racial inferiority. As a historian he was one of the first who attempted to release African history and culture from the racist myths of primitiveness and savagery, and in American history, his *Black Reconstruction* remains a monumental reassessment of a much maligned period.

Du Bois was more than an intellectual, however, for he refused to divorce scholarship from political activism. He was the organizer of the first black protest organization of the 20th century, the Niagara Movement, a forerunner of the NAACP, of which he was a founder and the only black on its board of directors. For twenty-four years he edited *Crisis*, the NAACP's organ, and it was during this period that he was the primary spokesman for black civil and human rights. In his writings one finds the problems and concerns of contemporary blacks articulated in prophetic detail: black pride, black consciousness, black self-determination, a black aesthetic philosophy and black studies. He was the father-figure of the Harlem Renaissance, the organizer of a theatre troupe, the Krigwa Players, the editor of a magazine for black children, the organizer of three Pan-African congresses, as well as an outspoken advocate of women's rights and birth control, an early supporter of Gandhi, and a staunch supporter of Irish independence movements.

Today Du Bois's reputation suffers from the effects of McCarthyism, of which he was one of the most prominent victims. Perhaps this first of three volumes of his correspondence will begin the process of giving Du Bois the high place he earned in American political and intellectual history.

Last year the University of Massachusetts at Amherst acquired Du Bois's papers from his widow, Shirley Graham, and the university's press has already begun a ten-year publication project under the editorship of Du Bois's literary executor, Dr. Herbert Aptheker. (An earlier volume in the series, a collection of essays on education, has already been published.)

This volume consists of more than 300 letters, beginning with one from Du Bois's ninth year (a letter to his grandmother) and ending with the correspondence and documents connected with his withdrawing from his long association with the NAACP. In between one meets a man whose singular and often solitary voice was of enormous importance in changing not only black people's ideas about themselves but those of whites about blacks.

It seems that Du Bois was one of those rare individuals who knew, almost from the moment of birth, that his life's work was to be the leader of his people; that absolute certainty about his destiny gave him a breathtaking self-confidence. At the age of 22, while still a student at Harvard, Du Bois wrote George Washington Cable to congratulate him on an address delivered before the Massachusetts Club, and Du Bois addressed him not as a young unknown speaking to a distinguished author but as an equal, for he was, as he wrote to Cable, a "young Negro who is building a Nation."

Du Bois's total lack of doubt about his destiny led him to be blunt to the point of insult with many of his correspondents, particularly where he saw or imagined a racial insult. He vilified Charles Francis Adams, the grandson of the sixth President, for an article on blacks he had penned, unsuccessfully protested to the editor of the *American Historical Review* about that magazine's refusal to capitalize "Negro," but met with greater success with the young editor of *The New Republic*, Walter Lippmann, who wrote Du Bois that he was "sorry that the matter ever had to be discussed because your position is so obviously correct." To a white writer who had written Du Bois of his uncertainty as to whether black poverty was a result of "persistent characteristics of the people" or economic and social conditions, Du Bois responded: ". . . you are trying to spin a solution of the Negro problem out of the inside of your office. . . . If you insist on writing about & pronouncing judgment on this problem why not study it? Not from a car-window & associated press dispatches . . . but get down here & really study it first hand."

The question of whose opinions on blacks—whites' or blacks'—were correct was central to the early years of the NAACP, and because he was the only representative of his race on the board of directors, Du Bois often found himself at odds with his white colleagues, some of whom more than once sought to oust him. Perhaps the most interesting correspondence in this volume is that which Du Bois had with two of his closest friends, Mary White Ovington and Joel Spingarn, people he loved and whom he had to educate to their unconscious racism. These letters are so frank as to be painful, and it is a testament to the respect which the three individuals must have had for one another that their friendships survived unto death. In any case, the letters are important documents

Julius Lester has written, among other works, The Seventh Son: The Thought and Writings of W.E.B. Du Bois. *At present, he is completing an autobiography.*

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reflecting the anguish and struggle of three individuals engaged in a unique effort in American history—blacks and whites working together for social reform—and as Du Bois wrote Miss Ovington in 1914: "If in this Association white and black folk cannot work together as equals; if this Association is unable to treat its black officials with the same lease of power as white, can we fight a successful battle against race prejudice in the world?" There is only a sample of the correspondence among these three remarkable people here; it deserves a volume of its own.

There is also much here of interest to students of history: first, early correspondence between Booker T. Washington and Du Bois, which carries no hint of the adversary positions they would take later. (Included is Du Bois's letter congratulating Washington on his famous 1895 Atlanta Exposition speech.) There are two letters from Marcus Garvey, indicating clearly that Garvey attempted to secure Du Bois's support for his nationalist United Negro Improvement Association. There is a bitter exchange with Samuel May, the famous abolitionist, over liberal arts education for blacks, which May opposed, and six important letters between Du Bois and Oswald Garrison Villard, the grandson of William Lloyd Garrison, on Booker T. Washington's financial control of important segments of the black press.

Unfortunately, there are too few personal letters, or ones that show less forbidding aspects of Du Bois's personality. One of the most amusing is a request from a tobacco company to use Du Bois's name for a brand of cigar, and his photograph on the box labels and cigar bands. Du Bois's one-sentence reply is classic: "I have no objection to your using my name on one of your brands of cigars providing the cigar is not too bad."

Most interesting are the letters to his daughter, Yolande. Here the man as father is fully exposed, and in a letter he wrote to her in 1914 when she was in school in England, we see his heart and soul, what it was that made Du Bois who he was:

> Study, do your work. Be honest, frank and fearless and get some grasp of the real values of life. . . . You . . . must not laugh at yourself. You must know that brown is as pretty as white or prettier and crinkly hair as straight even though it is harder to comb. The main thing is the YOU beneath the clothes and skin—the ability to do, the will to conquer, the determination to understand and know this great, wonderful, curious world. Dont (*sic*) shrink from new experiences and custom. Take the cold bath bravely. Enter into the spirit of your big bed-room. Enjoy what is and not pine for what is not. Read some good, heavy, serious books just for discipline: Take yourself in hand and master yourself. Make yourself do unpleasant things, so as to gain the upper hand of your soul.

Aptheker's editorship of these letters is impeccable; letters are preceded by biographical notes about correspondents and all important references within letters are footnoted. The reader who is familiar only with Du Bois's name will have no trouble with this volume, for historical events, controversies and personages are explained with admirable brevity. The result is biography and history as well as a collection of letters. The University of Massachusetts Press is to be especially commended for designing an attractive book. The relationship of type size to white space makes the page attractive and even the experience of holding the book a pleasant one. That is the way books should be and so seldom are today.

Any collection of a famous person's letters must strike a balance between those of interest to the general reader and those of interest to scholars. Dr. Aptheker has achieved this. The result is an encounter with a man who always maintained "the upper hand" of his soul and whose example in doing so invariably makes me seek a tighter grasp of my own. □

The Hunger for Namelessness

JUDAH STAMPFER

The life line linking a human being to his name stirs awake in America an intense uneasiness. Melville's *Moby Dick* begins with a quibble on a name: "Call me Ishmael." The hero-narrator thus begins, hiding his true name behind the label of a landless outsider, first-born son of Abraham, who never had a birthright and lived his life as a rootless wanderer.

The wanderer role, assumed here under the name of Ishmael, has an implacable finality. We never learn the hero's true name, or his occupation on land. The entire novel is a drama of disintegration of identity. Ishmael is a mask over possible human emptiness, as Moby Dick is a mask over the invisible body of God. Such names touch off a Gothic architecture with savage gargoyles. And was Ahab the captain's real name? Ahab is the rejected king, as Ishmael is the rejected first-born son. Or is it, call me Ahab? These are Cain figures, the eternal wanderer. Behind Ishmael's mask lies an elemental human spirit, who seeks the truth behind names. And yet his mask was essential; he began his history lifting it over his face.

When names are established in America, they are a painful and carefully etched arrival. Nothing can be taken for granted in a pioneer country. *The Education of Henry Adams* begins:

> Under the shadow of Boston State House, turning its back on the house of John Hancock, the little passage called Hancock Avenue runs, or ran, from Beacon Street, skirting the State House grounds, to Mount Vernon Street, on the summit of Beacon Hill; and there, in the third house below Mount Vernon Place, February 16, 1838, a child was born, and christened later by his uncle, the minister of the First Church after the tenets of Boston Unitarianism, as Henry Brooks Adams.

The passage seems firm as a deed and survey. It names streets, families, a statehouse, a church. It is speckled with names and noble associations, the Boston State House, the First Church, Boston Unitarianism, leading Revolutionary families. Golden nails pin down this event; yet the names are dropped like flecks of magic on a page of history. The actual event hangs under it, fluid and mysterious, the birth of a baby. Here is a momentary flash in the firmament of Boston; in its shadow, a continent is in protean evolution.

Indeed, the paragraph is a brand seared down on a moment of flux, that has already swirled away. John Hancock is dead; the uncle who christened Henry Adams is dead—and how serious is a Unitarian christening? Presidents John and John Quincy Adams have passed away; Hancock Avenue has shifted its boundaries. The religion of Boston is swinging toward libertarian humanism. Yet amid the process of thinning, spreading, loosening of borders, a christening has taken place. Past, present and future fuse in a magic moment of childbirth in a broad new faith. A fresh human being has entered the flux of history.

The registry of that birth in the fashion indicated here suggests not only an event but a program, the intrusion of a child onto the tapestry of history. There is a haunting sense of gentle irony here, a fitness that the future must justify. The new life will be slippery, special, private,

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full of pitfalls; yet the passage suggests a hunger for arrival, a desire to be woven into the tapestry, to become a brick in the House of Hancock, a swinging sign on the avenue, an Adams. The projected fusion is a guess, a stab at destiny. At its start, a newborn baby swings into its future with a family name.

In a sense, all American names are an improvisation, a branding iron stabbed at the fluid body of the future. Indian names crosshatch with English, Spanish, Dutch, German. A historic accident got the continent named after a minor Italian explorer, Amerigo Vespucci —Columbus thought he found an island in the Far East. Who knows the original Indian name for America, or if the Indians had one? America was their world, and worlds need no names.

Early American names were a mixture of age and improvisation, a flick at replanting Europe in a hurry, to transplant a Puritan village like a potted geranium, clothe the wilderness with New Amsterdam, New York, Lancaster, Albany, New London, New Bedford. The urgency to lay down names was there, to spread street signs across the prairie and stops on the stagecoach lines, like the brand on the haunch of a Western steer, put a dollar sign on the prairie, attract settlers and clothe the wilderness with towns. But the obsession with names is wayward, arbitrary, insecure, as ghostly as graffiti names on a New York subway car. They sit loose and disposable, Mother Hubbards on a mobile people. All are hurried improvisations, guesses, bravura postures, Saint Louis, Saint Paul, San Francisco, names of a European holiness slapped onto an indifferent continent, that would slip away at any sudden wrench of history.

Alongside the hunger for names is a profound hunger for namelessness, haunting, elusive, that plucked up Puritan towns to sail across the seas to a nameless wilderness. Hundreds of thousands of drifters will gather at Woodstock and Glen Oaks, to strip their names with their clothes, smoke grass, and listen to rock music. New York City today has 20,000 runaways. Bourgeois ambition has a vertical thrust, to climb in society, sink roots and rise in life. As the ambition dissolves away, more aimless movements enter the picture, for the sake of movement, fluidity itself, like a hunger. The nameless hero who calls himself Ishmael washed away his past in a whaling vessel, found salvation in the bowels of the deep.

The insecurity with names in America stems from the fact that names in this country have a touch of the arbitrary. The present conventional name—a first and a last family name, as designating a human being—is a late European construct. The replacement of the clan name with the father's family name is a bourgeois convention that consolidated itself in the late Middle Ages. It is based on inherited property, land and investments, a responsibility of a father for his children in a closed society, careful training in a craft, a family-oriented morality. A man, his land, his native city, and his civilization grew together in a tight package. He needed his father's name to complete his own because he grew up in his father's world and stayed put there. Such names suggests a finite world laid out in maps and family trees where each family has its line and place.

The American pioneers brought a name structure with their spiritual baggage; and yet that pattern was soon altered too much to be retained with comfort. Not only are American names provisional; the entire continental mass is too fluid and open, shifting and rearranging its magnetic centers of population. A country this big cannot be divided naturally into family estates. The sense is of pack-trails and prairie schooners, not family trees subdividing into fresh units. There is an overtone of a plundering of the earth, a clawing at the vitals of a virgin land, a gorging on its innards, hordes of buffalo gone without a trace The land was not gradually settled, but taken like a helpless virgin, in a movement too sweeping to be reduced to detached families. There is a sense of false regimentation, of names used as magic to vindicate their use and legitimatize the plunder of the earth. These names were too subject to the solvency of movement and money, and never quite took inescapable hold. Our aristocracy never inscribed their names in blood on the battlefield to make the land theirs forever. Lord Nelson hangs over Trafalgar Square in London; in a comparable war monument in America stands the Unknown Soldier.

Literary critics have long observed that American heroes have been outcast wanderers, compared to European literary heroes, who struggled to establish themselves in family and society. This has variously been attributed to a celebration of adolescence, a rambunctious male instinct, refusing the harness and responsibility of a family, a Puritan lunge toward the infinite, a mistrust of sexual love. So Ishmael roamed the broad Atlantic, and Huckleberry Finn made his way down the Mississippi on a raft. The hero of Mailer's *The American Dream* escapes the family trap in New

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...eads westward, a free man ...tive.

...nay be a more existential cause ...iterary bent than male grandios- ...ual timidity, family fears, or a ...n hunger for the body of God. ...merica, locations are provisional, ...y life is provisional; the divorce ...shifts with the sale of trailer homes ...d has reached the 50 per cent mark. ...ames have shrunk to handy labels, glued on for identification purposes. Insofar as fiction expresses a search for selfhood, the root fibers of a man's being, conventions must be swept aside for a more elemental exploration. One must measure oneself against an organic being of some kind. In Europe, the "given" against which a man must measure himself is the family and its history; in America, that given is the frontier, the ocean, the universe.

This yearning for an ultimate arrival, and a depressed sense of its impossibility, is re-echoed with a haunting finality in American history. The frontier records leave a steady impression of people trying to scratch their names on the land by the passage of their bodies over it. America is at times lemming country, where people shift about, lacking a cliff to jump off. Pioneer farmers pushed across country, obsessed by movement itself, sometimes leaving good farms, whose soil had drunk years of their lives. The depression hobos pulled up stakes and hit the highways and railroad tracks for a life of wandering. Today, a life on wheels is commonplace.

As a result, names thin out to tokens. Their European roots have only an antiquarian interest. Each bearer has his own balance of nostalgia and sentimental pride against a sense of their essential triviality. His name is a bit of transplanted Europe, no more difficult to get rid of than a kaftan and a beard. Either way, the gesture is awkward. The man who hangs on to his family name feels a bit out of place, or ostentatious in insisting on his Jewishness, his Polish ancestry, his Italian roots. The man who modernizes his name is left with a label without content. He is, in a sense, nameless.

The farther west you go, the faster people jump to a first-name basis; as though family names are a burdensome piece of luggage, that steadily gets heavier as they move westward, and is sloughed off whenever possible. Today, names are a burden taken off like outer clothing, in layers, as one relaxes and comes to oneself. The family name comes off with the overcoat at the door, the personal name with the jacket as one enters the parlor, leaving a loose shirt and the affectionate family nickname. Finally, all names and clothing become superfluous in the union of love.

The sense of the name as an uncomfortable garment or piece of luggage comes early in American literature. James Fenimore Cooper's titles, *The Deerslayer* and *The Pathfinder* show a quiet impatience, a sense that a new American life of namelessness has begun, in a wilderness like Eden, where a man's worth does not depend on his family connections, but on his ability to kill a deer and follow a trail. The characters burdened with names are hybrid Americans, with too many ties in Europe, not at home in the wilderness.

Indeed, names like Deerslayer, Pathfinder, and Hawkeye go back to the early formation of European names, where a craft or profession designated a man. So Deerslayer and Pathfinder have the ring of Carpenter and Tailor; but the skills of survival are different in a wilderness. And the old European crafts were family crafts, passed on from father to son. Then a man might properly be called John Tailor or Charles Carpenter. In the wilderness, nobody became Charles Hawkeye or John Deerslayer. There was no particular family tradition, no inheritance of tools; a man broke loose, went on the road, and became a wanderer, the creature of his way of life, a Deerslayer, Hawkeye, a Pathfinder, not like a settled Carpenter, but like the old English figure, the Seafarer, an eternal wanderer, whose craft is his being and who remains nameless.

To the social discomfort of immigrant names, the Calvinist roots of American culture added a taint of depravity. To the Puritans, original sin was inherited at birth from one's parents. The sense of family descent made one subject to sin and depravity. Every family name was a mark of Cain. The colonial Puritans never felt America as a new Eden. They clung to their Puritan faith, their stiff black cloaks, and their vocation of civilizing a barbaric wilderness.

As the colonial faith gave way to Unitarianism, as the land beyond the Alleghenies opened to settlement, the wilderness melted into a single field of frontier land, a new Eden glimmered on the horizon, the sense of the American as a new Adam, on innocent land, stretching from sea to shining sea, in a purified new faith. Then a sense of universal selfhood emerged, drawn from a surrender and participation in a universal land. Such a pantheism and sense of universal innocence permeates Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. His "Song of Myself" begins:

I celebrate myself; . . . .
And what I assume you shall assume;
For every atom belonging to me, as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul;
I lean and loafe at my ease, observing a spear of summer grass.
Houses and rooms are full of perfumes —the shelves are crowded with perfumes;
I breathe the fragrance myself, and know it and like it;
The distillation would intoxicate me also, but I shall not let it.

The atmosphere is not a perfume—it has no taste of the distillation—it is odorless;
It is for my mouth forever—I am in love with it;
I will go to the bank by the wood, and become undisguised and naked;
I am mad for it to be in contact with me.

The feeling here is Edenic and antifamily. No name is mentioned in the entire section. On the contrary, names come off with the man's clothing, as nameless and naked he brushes against the American landscape. The sense is of depravity reversed, radical beatitude, grass rising like a perfume out of the earth. Names, like aristocratic titles, are useless and empty here; selfhood is grasped on a deeper level entirely. In Europe, selfhood grew in a careful addition, from one's land, with defined boundaries, passed on by a family and registered in parchment. Here, the frontier gives selfhood a sense of extension, a land without boundaries or registry, where a family name means nothing. One need only get 40 acres and a mule, and begin clearing. There comes a mystic communion with a continent, without family, land titles or history, where one can hope to be oneself.

There is, of course, a sense of limit and arrival, of futility and lostness; but names arrived at there are a gesture of weary acceptance of limit, and the inability to move. Names are neat and pretty, like standard-built cottages. They are not that final, not that essential, not as organic to the process of America as they are in Europe. You can peel them off by getting on the road and starting to move.

The frontier myth breathed a romantic expansionism across America, a sense of arrival at a state in which one was what one did. Adulthood was attained in a craft, a way of life that one had carved for oneself. Pathfinder is the ancestor of the modern PR man, the Wall Street broker, the oilman, the cross-country driver who moves with his job and lives on the road. In the shadow of the frontier world, Henry Ford would say, "History is bunk"; he is a car maker, alongside Deerslayer.

But with the choke of pollution, the disappearance of the frontier with its

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mystique of innocence, the sheer barbaric explosion of raw power, industry has become fundamentally barbaric. Civilization, that was once the burden and tradition of the family name, has become tainted and has lost much of its humanity. There is a sliding away from power, from family training, from the public community that made decisions of peace and war and divided the wealth. The sense of namelessness spreads in a gray continuity across our cities. The fluid spread of Deerslayer and Pathfinder slows to a consumer society.

The names in public life come into double focus in our generation, Rockefeller, with oil wealth behind him, became a governor, Rockefeller on Rockefeller. We still remember when Ronald Reagan played a cowboy—that was before he started playing governor. It is increasingly difficult to ignore the X in the middle of Nixon—X marks the spot. His name feels like a chemical advance, and should have a hyphen in it. Life gets easier when you start using nylon, Nixon and Spry.

The hunger for authenticity finds no hooks in a name to hang onto for security. Last names have a way of falling away. The world kept yanking off the last name from Marilyn Monroe. It wanted her to finish her life by saying, "Call me Marilyn." All she could feel was the loneliness of the gray blur, and died reaching for a silent telephone. □

Freedom and Historical Insight

LOST CHANCE IN CHINA: The World War II Dispatches of John S. Service. *Edited by Joseph W. Esherick. Random House. 409 pp. $12.95.*

ARTHUR LAPAN

John S. Service was an American foreign service officer in China during World War II who got to know Chiang Kai-shek's China and Communist China intimately. Foreseeing that China was on the brink of a civil war in which the Communists would be the certain victor, he drafted—and every political officer in the American Embassy in Chungking signed—a statement recommending that we cease supporting Chiang Kai-shek exclusively and instead follow a policy similar to Allied policy toward Yugoslavia: aid those, including the Communists, who were actively fighting the enemy. This was in February 1945. As a result, Service and the others were recalled from China, charged with pro-Communist sympathies, subjected to loyalty and security hearings, and in the end Service was dismissed from the State Department.

Lost Chance in China tells the story of World War II China through Service's own dispatches, supplemented by the illuminating introductions of Joseph W. Esherick. Service, of course, had come to his conclusions regarding the future of China long before 1945. What emerges is a down-to-earth and far-seeing analysis of the forces at work in that country.

In his dispatches Service kept referring to the Communist areas as democratic. It was this which proved his undoing. But Service did not mean that the Communist areas had periodic, unforced elections—shades of Watergate!—in which different political parties, representing different policies, contended for control of the government. What he meant was that the Communists, in the context of China and in comparison with Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang, were democratic. He had first been stationed in Chungking and had come to recognize that the Kuomintang was a congeries of conservative political cliques interested primarily in the preservation of their own power against all outsiders and in jockeying for position among themselves. Economically, he wrote, the Kuomintang rested on the narrow base of the rural gentry—the landlords, the military, the higher ranks of the government bureaucracy, and merchant-bankers having intimate connections with the government bureaucrats. From this undemocratic base sprang most of China's evils: the oppressive taxation of the peasants, their brutal military conscription, the unprecedented corruption including military corruption, inflation, the general resentment and apathy, the consequent need for ubiquitous secret police and censorship, the greater sensitivity to domestic opposition than to foreign enemies, etc. Service therefore concluded that the policies of the Kuomintang, unless reformed, seemed certain of failure. When, later, he was assigned to the Communist areas, he found the exact reverse. No wonder that he wrote of the Communists as "democratic" and foresaw their triumph. In this he was not alone.

Service's method of reaching his conclusions was also "democratic" in the sense that he talked to people from every class and profession in China. Born of missionary parents in Chengtu, the capital of the West China province of Szechwan, he learned to speak the local Szechwanese dialect as a boy. He was thus a product of socialization by two cultures, and was able to see each through the eyes of the other. As a foreign service officer Service perfected his command of the written language, converted his Szechwanese accent into the more prestigious Pekingese, and studied Chinese history, law and economics. Ambassador Gauss, under whom Service worked, said of him: "Now it was difficult to get information in those days. . . . We had censorship. . . . Jack Service's job was to go to the other side of the river and to see everybody that he could. . . . He associated with everybody and anybody in Chungking that could give him information and he pieced together this puzzle

Arthur Lapan is working on a book on "Prophets and Predictions" and lectures at Cooper Union on the same subject.

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the great melancholy comes
g room is dark and tired,
ack pig drained of its blood.
w is the night of pain, the wait
hen all time is a bestial wound.
No window. Nothing but to feel
the heavy floor of the big room.

Willis Barnstone

that we had constantly before us as to what was going on in China. . . ." In the process Service also got to know a large number of newspapermen, scholars and military officers who were to play a vital role in American-Chinese relations and who were ultimately to suffer as a result. Among these were Owen Lattimore and Edgar Snow. Indeed, in the number, variety and scope of his contacts, Service is reminiscent of another and more awesome seer, Tocqueville.

To me, Service's emphasis on democracy and his accurate historical foresight is not accidental. The modern world has known a number of men who made successful historical predictions and whose grounds for doing so were quite reasonable. I am thinking of men like Montesquieu, Burke, Madison, Tocqueville, Nietzsche, Proudhon, Burkhardt, Trotsky, Keynes, Mao Tse-tung, Du Bois, Herzl and Myrdal. These men were quite different in background and political persuasion, yet when we compare them with one another we find that they all shared a passion for freedom or for freedom in a context of order. Nor was this passion unrelated to their prophetic insight. On the contrary, it was a source of it. All of these thinkers were rebels, in opposition, nonconformists. This was true even of Burke, who was never really in a position of command in the actual government of England. Trotsky and Mao Tse-tung, of course, were revolutionaries. In the case of the policy and career of John S. Service, nonconformity was tragic since, as Esherick observes, "only in rejection could there be vindication."

The analyses in Service's dispatches are akin to those of the other prophets mentioned in another way, too: he, like them, was very conscious of the facts of anarchy, alienation and class, and of their historical consequences. Pick up the pages of Montesquieu, of Burke, of Madison, and you will find an analysis of class or of anarchy or of alienation, or of all of them together, and you will also find historical predictions based on these analyses. Usually the analysis will be made in terms of the concrete context in which the predictor is writing or acting, supplemented by a glance at comparable historical situations. In the case of Service and the other foreign service officers the comparable case history which proved relevant was, of course, Yugoslavia.

It was precisely the profound alienation in Chiang Kai-shek's China which led Service to foresee the fall of the Kuomintang, and it was the identification of the people with the government and army in Communist China, their enthusiasm, their inventiveness, which impelled him to predict communism's triumph. But the Kuomintang would fail *because* it was undemocratic and the Communists would win *because* they were not. It was the passion for freedom, therefore, which made him alive to the consequences of tyranny, namely alienation and the fruits of alienation. This relationship between freedom and alienation is a recurrent theme among our modern prophets. In Montesquieu it is the reason for the weakness of Oriental despotism as against the monarchies of the West. In Tocqueville it is the origin of the vitality and productivity of American democracy. In Trotsky and Mao Tse-tung it is a primary source of their confidence that the regimes they opposed would be destroyed and their movements would triumph.

Service's dispatches should also be read in the light of the continuing U.S. policy in the Far East, in the light of Korea and Vietnam. When we so read them we find, of course, a repetition of the conditions that led to the civil war in China and a continuation of the same inadequate American policy. We even find comparable prophets who went unheeded, who were harassed for their predictions and who were subsequently vindicated by events. Thus in 1961 and 1962, Hans J. Morgenthau published two articles in which he foresaw the outcome of American involvement in Vietnam. Morgenthau stressed the repressive character of the Diem regime, its oligarchic character, its hunting down of all opponents of whatever stripe as being Communist, and the consequent alienation of much of the population. Morgenthau also argued that the Vietnam problem was not primarily a military but a political one and that military means would only exacerbate it. This was precisely Service's criticism of Chiang Kai-shek and, by implication, of American policy supporting Chiang Kai-shek. It was the strength of the Communists in China, Service wrote, that for them the political was prior to the military, and consequently in their areas there was no need for forced military conscription, no secret police, and no brigandage, all of which were endemic in the Kuomintang provinces. In later articles, Morgenthau also stressed the need not to lump all Communist regimes together; it was necessary to distinguish among them and to evaluate them in terms of their significance for American interests—Yugoslavia was not Albania. That is precisely the position Service and his colleagues had taken. Like Service, too, Morgenthau counseled political reform, and with the Korean War in mind, he warned against the domestic repercussions of a protracted U.S. involvement in Vietnam.

Analyses such as these, the predictions based upon them, and their verification by events also further buttress the soundness of Service's analyses and conclusions, if such further evidence be needed. For since the respective insights and their bases are of a piece, they corroborate one another; grounded in the same sort of analysis, their probability is mutually enhanced. □

ARCHITECTURE / JANE HOLTZ KAY

These are down days, dog days, underground hours in architecture. The prospects are bleak, and dim is the fortune of the art. "What a handsome house," I say as we pass a 19th-century white frame structure in Kennebunkport, Me. "Look at the red 'Xs' on the trees," my companion replies, grimly noting the scarlet letters of doom upon the diseased elms.

"What do you think of the building?" I ask another companion as we walk around the new Wesleyan College Art Center designed by this year's American Institute of Architects award winner, Kevin Roche. "The trees are beautiful," she says, "but to tell you the truth, the buildings look like a stone wall."

And, confirming all suspicions, I hear an ecologist friend state the axiom: "Architects and environmentalists are natural enemies." No words of mine will convince him that "man-made" may be as good as "God-made."

"Only God can make a tree," he laughs.

"But not the Taj Mahal," I reply.

"Who needs the Taj Mahal!"

As it goes on a popular level, so it goes in the profession. Architecture is shrunk to half size by the economy and, if that were not enough, the standards set by the best minds and finest eyes of the 1970s are equally modest. The mode is retiring, humble, diffident. *Without Rhetoric*, Alison and Peter Smithson,

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the masters of the bombastic New Brutalism of architecture a decade or so ago, now label their thoughts (The M.I.T. Press).

There, at the cutting edge of the profession, then, the word is "gentle"; fit and tact matter most, not just to critics or inhabitants but to architects of the first order: to edge one's architecture is human; to scoop it underground, divine. (On another level, unfortunately—the level of big firms and big money—the behemoth development is slowed only by lack of money.)

"Long-life, loose-fit, low-energy," another English architect describes the prevailing low profile of architecture. The use of "human" as a value word in the activist 1960s has become an insignia in the architecture of the 1970s. On my desk lies a book, Christopher Williams' *Craftsmen of Necessity*, that makes low-slung mud walls in Syria attractive and in my notebook sit interviews in which any number of leading designers outdo even Ian McHarg, the landscape architect, in their praise of trees and earth and broad blue sky.

Is all this protesting merely a Nouveau Environmentalism? A fad to be replaced again by the old scorched-earth policy of architecture? It is certainly a mixed attitude on the part of monument builders, if not spurious logic, to hear the words of a Kevin Roche on the subject one fine summer day in his sixty-member firm's early-century brick mansion.

The office of Kevin Roche-John Dinkeloo, heirs to Eero Saarinen, has put more glass gems on more pedestals than any other firm in this country—the Ford Foundation and the controversial greenhouse in Central Park for the Metropolitan Museum of Art come to mind. Their curriculum vitae includes the 90-mile-an-hour-style Knights of Columbus tower in New Haven that Vincent Scully aptly calls "paramilitary"; the looming Federal Reserve Bank in Manhattan, and three glass pyramid structures for an insurance company in Indianapolis, waggishly titled "The Colossus of Roche" by a headline writer in the architecture press.

So what is the soft-spoken Irish-born edifice maker doing this day but waxing eloquent on the "only God can make . . ." theme? He is talking about the ivy that laps over the sandblasted concrete of his underground park-museum for Oakland. "It's grown over," Roche muses, contentedly viewing a slide of the innovative nonstructure. "Our idea was to leave the trees alone, to leave the wild life alone," Roche pursues the theme in describing the site for a pharmaceutical headquarters in Wilton, Conn. A Michigan art center is sheathed in reflective glass, he says, to double the greenery of the adjacent park grounds in its mirror; the forthcoming Fiat plant in Turin is opened to be "looking at the Alps." And, finally, there is the inviolate grove of trees into which Roche carefully dropped the limestone boxes of the Wesleyan College complex mentioned above.

It is the same—gentle and even more so—with another combine of architects, The Architects Collaborative. TAC is the 300-member Cambridge firm sired and run on the precepts of teamwork set by Bauhaus-founder Walter Gropius. What does one hear from this proficient design shop for U.S. institutions and Arab potentates, from the makers of the establishment "garage" of the new AIA headquarters in Washington, D.C., from the firm that has just won the prestigious Johns-Manville corporate headquarters competition for Denver? What else but trees and landscape, site and settlement.

"Given a landscape this remarkable, it is probably not surprising that the most important element in the jury's judgment process involved the use of the site," said the judges who picked TAC from the other first-line firm entries. "A competitor's philosophy and response to nature and his feeling for the setting were clearly evident in his solution," said they of TAC. In other words: man and nature met best in the winner.

So it was that "complementing the landscape" counted most, despite the fact that the design itself would incorporate a stretch of highway, a parking lot, and a big building with rooftop parking in the "natural amphitheatre" of nearby foothills. Ambivalence and ironies ignored, the jury praised the structures with "least impact," that were most "compatible." To be "visible in profile" was a bad mistake. "The brutalist architecture subordinates the landscape," the judges scolded one entry.

One step underground from TAC and two from Roche in the scale of conspicuous architecture stands Charles Moore and the firm of MLTW. Grandeur has always been the least important consideration for these influential, educationally oriented architects. Moving along the California-Connecticut-Cambridge circuit, the architects are credited with first displaying the use of super-graphics (the swaggering colorful forms co-authored with designer Barbara Stauffacher); with breaking through the dogma of boxy buildings a decade ago, and bringing back the diagonal to design.

Today Charles Moore, this breaker-through-boxes, this irreverent and talented vanguardian of architecture, describes himself as a devotee of a "Russian Easter egg" style of architecture—somber, low-keyed, respectable on the outside, smashing on the inside. There is the plain-faced exterior for the neighbors; the rainbow splash within for the inhabitants. Yet even Moore's decent respect for the environment cannot propitiate the down-zoners and no-growth claimants. A trip through his office projects, as through other offices, shows the step-stop pace of popular pressure and environmental impact statements.

A tall man with a round face and a mustache from cheek to jowl that narrowly misses the label "handlebar," Moore looks more like a renegade from the back of a bicycle-built-for-two than the former dean (1965-71) of the Yale School of Art and Architecture. His fantastic Essex, Conn. house blends pop with nostalgia: a three-dimensional pyramid, tall as the architect, a copy of the one on the dollar bill, is cut away as a pink stage set for Mexican toys. His office in an old brick factory boasts a Wurlitzer juke box and a mammoth Alaskan moosehead; while his latest published building, Kresge College at Santa Cruz, done with William Turnbull, flourishes rainbow arches, sculptural parapets and theatrical projections of form and cutout façades—all enclosed, huddled, into the layout of a Mediterranean village complete with Laundromat as village well. "We make it goofy," Moore has said, "so it won't be ostentatious."

So here, too, is Moore, the Russian

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Easter egg advocate, talking about "trying to save the trees" as much as anything else as he goes through a new project; mentioning "groovey and spacey inside," but an untouched Federal period exterior. Here is Moore talking and writing about preserving the past, learning from historic architecture, and respecting the environment. "We pride ourselves on being careful and inventive," says this Sierra Club alumnus. "But this seems to be a time when there's a lot of blind opposition to architecture."

If this is the fate of the conscientious nonintruder, what will greet the more flamboyant ego-tripper? Humility is being dictated by the times, if not by the architects. Hard-pressed by economics and swayed by the fashions of the last few years, architects react ever more vigorously against past monumentalism —especially the other guy's.

"When you look at these photographs, you may wonder what we did," landscape architect A.E. Bye declares pridefully in *Landscape Architecture*'s current issue. "And if this is so that is exactly the impression we wanted to make. We go quite far with this philosophy, bring the native woods up to and against the building walls. This concept comes not from us but from the many clients who want to go back to nature." No more trimming, cultivating, watering; no more lawns. On with rocks, trees, plants of the wild.

One must pause in the midst of huzzahs if, now and again, this new suburban ethos seems no more ecological than your bogus Natural Man—he who grandly gives up hot and cold running water in his plug-in trailer. A pause, too, to recognize that so few can afford the back-to-the-trees ethic. Today's urge for softer forms versus hard ones, for asymmetry versus symmetry; for the peaked, the diagonal, the curve versus the modernist right angle is a reinvigorated but not a just-invented notion.

In architecture, these dichotomies are eternal and not of our era alone. All free-form architecture and all expressionist or naturalist impulses of past times relate to the current "looser," reticent approach. The English rural bridges of the early 19th century, to take one example, were once compared to a piece of dough, malleable in hand, kneaded and molded as are the waters that contour the shore. There are expansive eras and contracting ones, public and private times. Ours is not the first of the closed inner-directed periods of architecture. At one extreme, Mies's famous glass houses stiffly resisted settlement; they were deliberately made to look like the man-made invaders they were. At the other extreme, Frank Lloyd Wright's "organic architecture," now come into its own, was designed as one with the earth. All architecture that clings to the ground, all "rubble-chimneyed, deep-eaved, earth-colored progeny . . . all dense pachydermatous buildings with rough exteriors and sunken openings are part of this tradition," as British architect Lionel Brett propounds.

Our times are hospitable to this tradition and, in a time of rooting, we are learning to love H.H. Richardson again. The work of the 19th-century architect, whose buildings fit Brett's words, will tour in mid-fall. Meanwhile, conservation and preservation and clinging to the past were never more tenacious; they relate to the urge to retain, recede, recycle, as well as to theories of scarcity.

Of course, there is the danger of reproducing Disneyland; there is too, the risk of producing a *lumpenproletariat* building that is bland, witless and simply leaden upon the landscape. There are elements of the molehill in some of the new designs around and, quite literally, a startling likeness between some underground architecture and some of the bunkers depicted in *The Architecture War*. Fierce camouflage, elitism, reaction, fear of change characterize both preservation and ecology, at times. One may feel very personal pain at the sight of the bulldozer; one may sympathize with architect Malcolm Wells who finds "tons of wild storm water charging down the pipe from the parking lots" at shopping centers "truly a terrifying experience." But do we really want to follow the architect all the way down under and cheer the unscarring, climate-cooled properties of the cave? Nonstructures can be downright anti-architect and nonhuman, too.

The unequivocal hero in all this is Frederick Law Olmsted. Olmsted first bore the title "landscape architect" and first manipulated for a man-made natural environment. Yet his followers today do not sense his constructive design, do not recall his collaboration with Richardson. Rarely do they match either his artistry or his humanitarianism. There is a pervasive anti-city streak and a cloistering or pastoral element which is a special offense when it endorses trees over people or applauds the contrived and folksy in a culture that is more pop than picturesque.

The lawn, to take a little noted "architectural" feature of another day, reflects an inane suburban infatuation with nature rather than a happy balance. This idle plot that consumes time, money, water and fertilizer to an almost criminal extent has its parallels elsewhere now. Cities looking for architectural amenity plant trees that need more than casual care when a brick wall, a bench, some sculpture would do more than make a one-season nod to the new nature ethic. If we really cared about sharing nature with city dwellers, we would talk more about developing that hardy weed, the ailanthus, rather than longing for processionals of 150-year-old beech trees. We might like our descendants to sit under their shade, but organic architecture and a new humility to earth require more than tree-worship.

And yet, as a whole, despite the perils, I find the period promising. To me, the reaction seems healthy. Architecture is indeed the mirror of society. Nonheroic, self-effacing architecture is akin to anti-imperialism in our politics today; a sense of the specific needs of specific places parallels the larger wish in society for decentralization and enlightened localism. The recognition that every region, every situation, every site has its own demands must blend with the need, even now, to house the 60 million or so souls *already* en route to some place on the landscape of 2000 A.D. Yet conservation and preservation and the new reserve in architecture may lessen the intrusion and salvage the environment.

For now, then, these are down days in every way. But if—a big "if" perhaps —architecture and the economy ever reach a détente, it could augur well. The tempering of artistic egos and the squashing of commercial and institutional arrogance may suggest an underground architecture for awhile; but, one can hope, it will finally emerge to create a worthier sense of place. □

"I DO"

I've stopped trying
to figure out our bodies,
the sublime differences.
Still,
I praise the dailiness.
It's the babbling of blood,
the inward wandering
of breath,
I keep hearing.
All the while
(trust me) my fingers
faithful to your flesh,
to transiency.

Etta Blum

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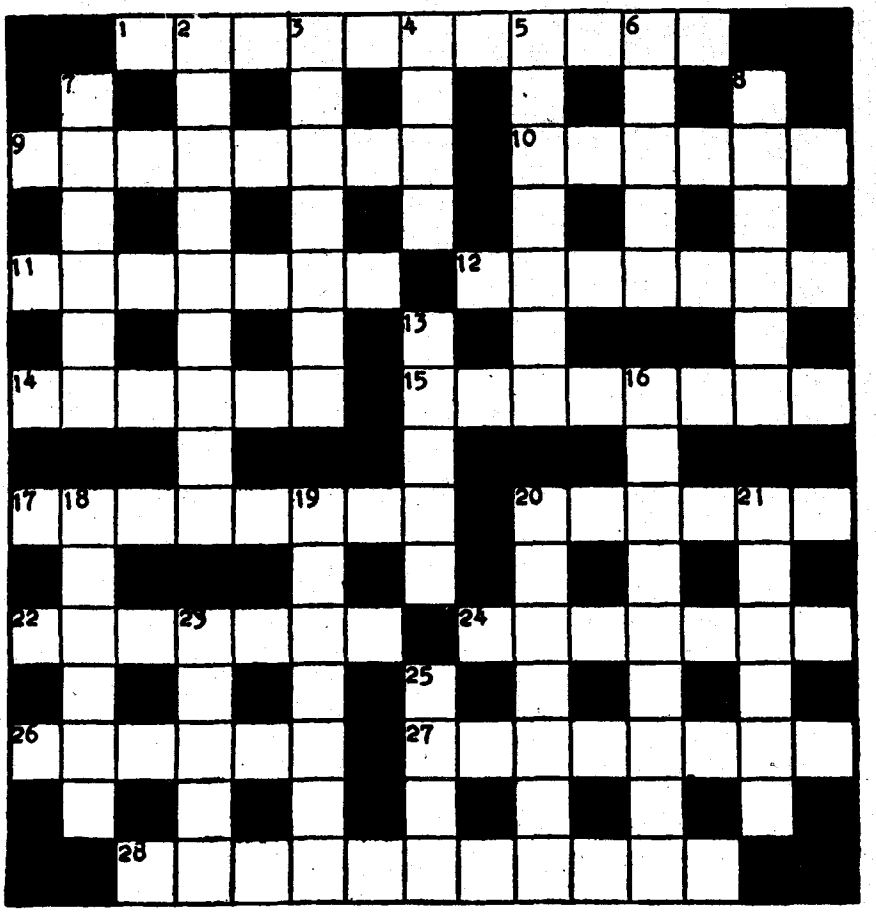

ACROSS

1 What the Indy driver might be careful in doing, sharing the action. (6,5)
9 Resting's sort of difficult, if you supply the drinks. (8)
10 and 22 One might have expected him to bow correctly, but never scrape! (6,7)
11 This month everything is put in! (7)
12 Impresses one with the fact that the fool is about certain of it? (7)
14 Like a server gone wrong? (6)
15 Reputedly what an ultimate loser does? (8)
17 One might bid finally to be a teller. (8)
20 His masterpiece was poetic. (6)
22 See 10 across
24 If your engine is, you might still find it. (7)
26 The need is not obvious perhaps, as one doesn't admit. (6)
27 See 13 down
28 How clerics might appear to be worth holding, if good. (11)

DOWN

2 How the tune *Laura* might appear, simply. (2,7)
3 Ale might be so brewed in a manner that doesn't work, to the most perfect specifications. (7)
4 It should be windy at the end of the month. (4)
5 Such a famous traveler is no longer banned. (7)
6 Former political leader who evidently had a distinctive habit. (5)
7 See 25 down
8 Coming publicity opening? (6)
13 and 27 across The Emperor of Lilliput's people might sometimes be seen at the movie theater. (5,8)
16 Was Pippa such a person? (9)
18 Hook's counterpart to allow something to receive a lacing. (6)
19 Put out again! (7)
20 On the court, it isn't a sign of sloppy manners. (7)
21 One could get near to being fancy! (6)
23 A good joint for a labor organization? (5)
25 and 7 down Presently positioned, just when the audience acknowledges a Key composition? (2,2,6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1548

ACROSS: 1 Free port; 5 Mantis; 10 and 11 Landing pattern; 12 Posit; 13 Trenchant; 14, 16 and 25 Share and share alike; 19 Horseman; 22 Mason; 24 Cast aside; 26 Liana; 28 Edifice; 29 Lapwing; 30 Needed; 31 Edgewise. DOWN: 1 File past; 2 Ernes; 3 Pointless; 4 Regatta; 6 Attic; 7 Thesaurus; 8 Senate; 9 Append; 15 A dog's life; 17 Humble-pie; 18 Untangle; 20 Mailed; 21 Needed; 23 Screen; 25 Alibi.

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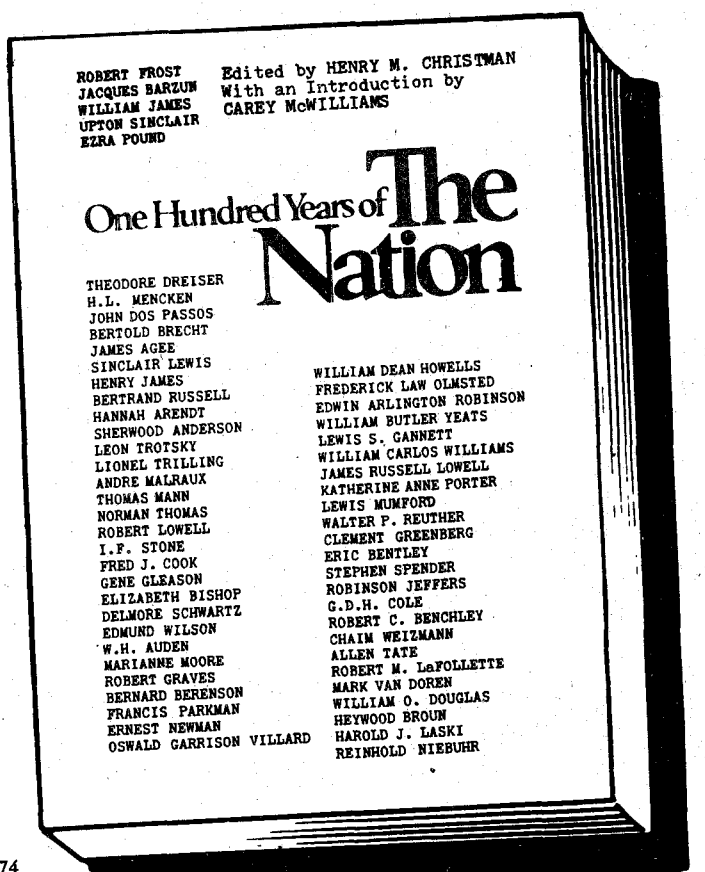

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